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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There was something in the King's Speech this time, because there was so little. Mr. Asquith deserves some credit for dropping the long tail of measures which every session is to pass and no session touches. It was silly to put in this long string of Bills no one expected ever to see. We hope this paragraph has dropped out once and for all. The economy paragraph has gone, too: also a gain. That had long since become a sham. Necessarily a King's Speech cannot say much, but it can leave a good deal unsaid. Therefore one is inclined to attend more to what is left out than to what is put in. Certainly the omission of any reference to the reciprocity arrangement between Canada and the United States is glaring.

It should be a sobering reflection for this Parliament, on its opening, that one way or another it is almost sure to see the end of the present absolute supremacy of Parliament. If the Parliament Bill passes, our Constitution will become partly written and the written part, while it stands, will be in a sense a limitation of the power of Parliament. On the other hand, if the Unionists win at the next election and carry the Referendum, next Parliament will plainly not be supreme, as Parliament is now, supreme and irresponsible.

What is "emphasis"? It is impossible indeed to discover exactly what Mr. Asquith does mean by "emphasis"—"authority" he denies altogether, that is only a colleague's expression, it seems. So far as can be made out, however, emphasis with Mr. Asquith means that when a lesser number of people have agreed to the same course more or less which they agreed to about a year ago, the result is emphasis. But it may be after all that the Prime Minister had in mind, when he used the word, a recondite seventeenth century use of it, reflection or illusion or mere appearance.

Nothing is to be done to mar the solemn Coronation—of the Liberal party in 1911! We notice that the Liberals

are still carrying the Parliament Bill through all its stages by assumption. They assume an easy, prosperous passage through the House of Commons, and thereafter such an affable little friendly affair in the House of Lords! With decorum the Constitution is to wrap its mantle, which has taken a thousand years in the weaving, around itself and lie down to a sleep that never ends. It is to be given, presently, when the Bill is brought in, about a month perhaps to do this with the decent composure for which Lowe once pleaded.

The Prime Minister's assuasive references the other day to the constitutional crisis were clearly designed to spread this beautiful idea abroad. The public is being chloroformed as much as may be in this matter, and by and by the Peers are to submit to the same process. This assumption that the House of Lords is going to be quietly anæsthetized reminds one somewhat of the ingenious suggestion that the men who held the Sidney Street fort could easily have been stupefied or sent to sleep by the besiegers putting some nasty-smelling stuff on the staircase.

We refuse to believe that the House of Lords is going to assume itself away so softly as the Prime Minister and the Liberal Press suggest. Snakes—and Peers have been called much harsher names than this by their foes—only commit suicide to save themselves from slaughter in the fables or mythology. If the Parliament Bill, in the naked state in which we know it, be flung at the Peers, the Peers will surely have to dress it decently or fling it back whence it came. The Government, of course, may win by their five hundred peers in pickle scheme, but they and all their decent followers loathe the idea of such a step. And the Labour Party despise the idea, as Mr. Jowett has declared. It is the most contemptible thing proposed since the start of representative government in England.

Mr. Churchill, questioned as to the Tonypandy riots, was between two fires. He had to answer Mr. Balfour, who accused him of being hesitant and mild; and he had to answer Mr. Keir Hardie, who thought him harsh and brutal. Naturally Mr. Churchill gave himself away. Answering Mr. Balfour, he painted the Welsh rioters as sucking doves. Why, within a week of the soldiers being sent to quell them like brutes, they were playing football together! But Mr. Churchill had also to deal

with Mr. Hardie; and, here, he had to take a different tone: "Twelve men were knocked out with stones, pieces of metal, and great blocks of brick before the police drew their bâtons and charged the mob." Elsewhere Mr. Churchill talks of the "insensate violence" of the miners. As to the body of his defence, the Home Secretary has not made a case. He played with the position at Tonypany, fearing to be responsible for the really stern measures that were necessary. Mr. Churchill spent too much time on Tuesday answering Mr. Hardie, with whom, of course, he is anxious to be on the best of terms. But it was Mr. Balfour who made the serious charge.

Mr. Balfour's chaff of the Home Secretary about the Sidney Street incident was taken in good part. Mr. Churchill enjoyed himself. There is a serious side to that business, but the comic side has been too much for most of us. By the way, on Tuesday night the police made a raid on some East End buildings and arrested a man in bed over a barber's shop among a number of other aliens. Many detectives surrounded the place, but we are glad to know that the sleep of neither Mr. Churchill nor his photographer was broken this time. It went off tamely enough. Even the fire brigade was not summoned to look on.

The Kelt is actually going to refuse good Saxon money—for the first time on record. The Kelt is not going to do this because he loves the Saxon, but because he distrusts—the Kelt. But perhaps this is not quite so "Irish" as at first it appears: for if Mr. Redmond's men are paid handsomely and set up comfortably for the rest of their Parliamentary lives, some of them, it may be a good many of them, will incline naturally enough to be "on their own". However, the English taxpayer, and, we shrewdly suspect, the canny Scottish taxpayer too will wish Mr. Redmond all success. If the hands of the Irish Nationalists can be kept out of the British till, there will be a saving at any rate of about twenty-five thousand a year.

Those patriot politicians who look forward to pocketing and investing the salary of three or four hundred a year (the Labour Party think £600 too much, according to Mr. Clynes), may find ere long, however, that the gain is not so solid as it looks. They have constituents—that is a thing no member of Parliament can avoid—and henceforth they will have to subscribe to bazaars, to schools, to cricket clubs, to the building and upkeep of recreation rooms and so forth just as the "idle rich" have to subscribe. In the "Heir at Law", Dr. Peter Pangloss danced and sang with joy at the thought of a comfortable salary—

"I've often wished I had for clear
A good three hundred pound a year".

But our new professional politician will find himself not so clear as Dr. Pangloss. We heard it said by an old Parliamentarian that the luckiest kind of M.P. was the M.P. with nothing a year, for his constituents must despair of drawing from him. There is a good deal in this point of view.

Yet, after all, the professional politician is no doubt already abroad in the land—and at home in the House. We remember asking a candidate of "the writing sort" (who is now in the House) why he wanted to get into Parliament? What was the use of it to him? He replied thoughtfully, "Well, you see, I reckon that it will put up the value of my stuff. I hope to get ten shillings or a pound a thousand words more than I can ask now."

Mr. Birrell's excuse for the Government in the McCann matter was very lame. The Government sympathised with this deeply wronged woman—"poor woman" was his phrase, a poor one indeed for the facts—his sympathies were all with her; but the Government could do nothing. It was a matter for the Court of Chancery, not for him. Sir Edward Carson made Mr. Birrell look a very poor figure indeed. The Government of Ireland unable to do anything for a woman deserted

by her husband, reft of her children, and robbed of her goods, down to her very underlinen! The Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary send away such a suppliant to the Court of Chancery. The man must be found and punished, and the children must be restored to their mother. The ecclesiastical authorities will do well to clear themselves in the matter. The priest in question ought to be produced. Appearances are against him. There is nothing unreasonable, when people of different Churches inter-marry, in their going through the marriage-service of both Churches. In fact it is the right way. But elementary rights stand, whether this is done or not.

No Liberal candidate for Cambridge; what a confession for Cambridge Liberalism! Three Unionist candidates—of different brands, it is true—in the field, and yet not a Liberal dares to enter the lists. Really we thought better of the Liberalism of Cambridge than the Cambridge Liberals themselves do. One had not realised they were so weak. In an ordinary contest it is, of course, a forlorn hope for a Liberal, though forlorn hopes are fought often enough elsewhere. Mr. Cox is still in trouble about his vote against Plural Voting, but there is a good deal in his point that the Bill left it open to the University elector to choose between his University vote and any other vote he had. Whatever the practical effect, this, we must say, is not disfranchising the Universities. Lord Hugh has given Mr. Cox a testimonial. They have much in common: good Churchmen, good Free Traders, Unionists and Individualists, both. And how much alike their position in politics, except that Lord Hugh is in and Mr. Cox is out!

Who would have thought that Mr. Justice Grantham, with all his undoubted impulsiveness and indiscretion, would have so unnecessarily brought up again that old business about the Yarmouth Election? It was shown conclusively at the time by the then Liberal Attorney-General, Sir Lawson Walton, that the Judge had not done anything deserving the extreme measures which certain Liberal politicians wished to force against him. We must not, we suppose, say now that in his sudden renewed outburst about it he is still innocent of anything like judicial malignity. Mr. Asquith informed the House of Commons that the matter is being considered.

Mr. Justice Grantham's retirement ought to have taken place before he occupied the Grand Jury's attention with a matter in which they had no concern. He has been twenty-five years on the Bench and, always singularly wanting in restraint, he has reached an age when naturally self-restraint diminishes. How awkwardly simple his utterances are appears from his reference to his brother Judge at Yarmouth, Mr. Justice Channell, as being too unwell to understand the case; and on another occasion when he so sympathetically spoke of most of the Judges not being so fit in health for their business as he was. Other Judges would be disliked who said such things; but Mr. Justice Grantham is not. Still "evil oft is wrought as well from want of thought as want of heart".

Mr. F. E. Smith, if anyone, deserves a dinner, and a good one. In Homeric phrase, his "aristeia" filled the stage last election: in some ways it might be called his election. No Unionist is likely to forget what Mr. Smith has done for his side. Certainly he of all men least stands in need of consolation. Would not a dinner to unsuccessful Unionist candidates have been more to the point? They do want consolation, and probably worked just as hard and as ably as those who got in. But Mr. Balfour did not forget them in his speech. We are glad he made quite plain that Referendum is to become a permanent part of the Constitution. All Unionist debate on that point should now be silenced. But he admits that a Budget cannot be submitted. It would have been useful had he gone more into detail to show in what form Tariff Reform can be referred to the country, since a Budget cannot be. We agree that the promise to refer Tariff Reform will commend it still more to the people.

It is clear that the agreement between Canada and the United States must, in the long run, increase the cost of food over here. "The dear loaf," said Mr. Austen Chamberlain in his Birmingham speech, "is rendered an absolute certainty". Already America barely supports itself; and the new supplies opened up from Canada by the agreement will tend to make the United States less and less a home-growing country. The American demand for Canada's wheat will divert from Great Britain part of the Canadian supply; and those who were frightened by a two-shilling duty on corn may have to face an increase in price of four or five shillings. The Tariff Reform policy has always aimed at drawing Canadian wheat into British markets; and we have always urged that to do this would in the end mean cheaper food. The Free Trade policy is the dear policy; and when the people of this country actually feel this for themselves we shall probably hear less from Radical platforms about the food-taxes.

What is the damage dealt by this arrangement to Imperial preference? Have we to face, in Mr. Balfour's phrase, "an imperial disaster"? Opposition speakers in the Canadian House of Commons tried to get from Mr. Fielding a direct pledge that the agreement would not impair the British preference at all. They wished to know if, in all cases where the British preference was damaged by the agreement, the tariff for British imports would be revised in favour of Great Britain. Mr. Fielding evaded this question altogether. Moreover he has sent to Lord Strathcona a despatch in which this particular question is again left carefully unanswered. He points out that British goods will not have to pay more than American; and that Canada is still free to lower the duties on British imports. But he does not say that the British preference is to remain at its former level.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have carefully avoided anything which might be regarded as hostile criticism of the agreement. The agreement, we have to suppose, was made by Canadian statesmen in the best interests of Canada, and criticism of their action must be left to the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons. As Mr. Austen Chamberlain said in the House of Commons, the blame for this agreement must rest upon the Radical Free Traders who have so persistently refused Canada the only practicable alternative. Mr. Asquith's defence of the policy of doing nothing was in the usual non-possumus vein: it was useless to oppose nature: the agreement was the result of inevitable natural laws. There is in fact nothing inevitable in Canada's going to America for a market in preference to coming here. We refused, and America was eager to accept. The Unionist leaders are more than ever determined that something towards preference shall be done at the earliest possible moment. The agreement, as Mr. Chamberlain said at Birmingham, so far from being the end of Imperial Preference, only makes this policy "more urgent and more necessary".

In to party politics Lord Cawdor brought a splendid manhood. "Statesmanship" of late years has sometimes implied old-woman-hood; often partisanship; not seldom mediocrity in character—at times even in intellect. Manhood has hardly been expected of it. But Lord Cawdor's reputation lay in this attribute that of old was hailed so glorious and necessary in great public officers. He did not shine through subtlety, rather he shone through stability. He was not an "intellectual", it must be admitted, but just a bold, steadfast and honest gentleman.

With Lord Cawdor an opinion was a thing not only to be formed—it was a thing to be held. He was almost old-fashioned in his tenacity, and he often found himself in the midst of people who viewed conduct and life from quite another standpoint. With so many people to-day, in politics and outside, the holding is the last thing in the world a wise man ought to do with an opinion. Opinions are made to be shifted and should be stated—

if stated at all—in flexible language! But all this was foreign to Lord Cawdor. He held certain views, stated them plainly and acted up to them: therein lay his strength in statecraft—and his weakness.

Potchefstroom, Dornkop, Magersfontein are not cheerful names for English ears. But Piet Arnoldus Cronje, some time commandant in the forces of the late Z.A.R., and just dead at Klerksdorp, had them to his name. From 1880 until his departure for S. Helena in 1900 a truculent name of power it was among his own people and an unlucky name for us. To South Africans who knew and cared it added to the bitterness of the Raid fiasco that Cronje was in charge at its extinction.

As a soldier General Cronje was a gallant fighter of the surliest, stubbornest type, but no more. The younger Boer commandants, De la Rey and the rest, had no great faith in his skill before the war, and events proved the soundness of their judgment. His victory at Magersfontein undid him. He had a supreme contempt for British soldiering, and insisted that our generals would never leave the line of the railway. So he sat tight at Sytfontein while Lord Roberts was concentrating at the Modder, and, obstinate against all entreaties, while Sir John French was getting round his flank. Even so his piercing of our envelopment between cavalry and infantry was a remarkable if a lucky performance, and we are not likely to forget the ferocious fierceness with which, once run to earth, he defended his burrow.

The Reichstag has passed the Increment Bill. The revenue expected is small, the details are complicated and the question of the exemption of Royal domains has heated a deal of bad blood. But all these things are immaterial. The principle of the Bill has been maintained and the way is now open to a new departure in German finance. Hitherto any suggestion of Imperial direct taxation has been rejected as a violation of State sovereignty. The new Bill, by the mere fact of dividing revenue between the Empire and the States, calls attention to the abandonment of the old rule. The Imperial tax-gatherer has definitely found a footing within the Empire. The change will doubtless affect the future development of Federal institutions in Germany; its results may also surprise those who think that the Empire will fail to find money for armaments.

A theatrical branch of the National Service League! Why? Lord Roberts and Sir Herbert Tree; Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. Oscar Asche; the Dean of Norwich and Mr. Hayden Coffin—certainly this is queer company. However, they met on Tuesday, and the branch is, it seems, to be formed. What is the object? Is it to perform patriotic plays after the manner of "An Englishman's Home", or "The Admiral Speaks"? We hope it is not. If this is not the object, there seems to be no reason why the theatre should have a branch all to itself. We may look to have a natural history branch, a geological branch, and a post-impressionist branch as the League prospers and grows. The League's liaison with the theatre should be dropped. It can only bring it into contempt and prejudice people against it. There is no more reason why the theatre should lend itself to politics by producing "patriotic" plays than that the Royal Academy should help on vegetarians by refusing to accept pictures of sheep and cattle.

It has long been a stigma upon the Post Office that it draws boys into its employment during the years they should be learning a craft or trade and turns them adrift again at the age of sixteen. In this way some four thousand boys have been dismissed every year and turned into the labour market with very little chance of getting immediate employment. The Postmaster-General, in answer to a deputation which he received on Tuesday, pointed to a number of reforms suggested in a report shortly to be submitted to the House of Commons. Boys

who wish to go into the Army are to be kept on till they are of age to enlist; girls, who can afterwards be employed as women, are to be put in the place of boys for indoor work; mechanical devices will reduce the number of messengers required. The Postmaster-General hopes that within a year there need be no further dismissals. Certainly it is a scandal that the Government should be doing the very thing we wish to prevent the private employer from doing. To turn boys into the streets unfit to take up regular employment is, in the most direct way, to foster unemployment.

There was another strike last Saturday on the North Eastern Railway; but this time it was hardly begun before it ended. On Monday the trouble was over. These strikes are monotonously alike. There is a local grievance—the grievance, it may be, of one man. This is taken up by the whole group and made the occasion for a bill of grievances. Work is stopped without the men's leaders being consulted, or the rights of the case being clearly known or presented. The indiscipline of the trade-unions has become the inseparable feature of these strikes. In the strike of last Saturday the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants definitely refused to support the men if they persisted in leaving their work without the necessary authority. This seems to have decided the matter. The men had all returned to work on Monday; and the grievance of the fish-porters, which set the strike in motion, is left to the next meeting of the Conciliation Conference.

Gray's Inn has devised a scheme of scholarships to enable students to enter barristers' Chambers to learn actual practice. It is surprising what numbers are called to the Bar without having any practical experience. Many, however, pass the examinations without intending to practise. The Gray's Inn plan of giving scholarships rather shows that the so-called practical lectures and classes of the Council of Legal Education have not been successful. Those who intend to practise ought certainly to see as much work as possible in Chambers; but the best way to secure this, one would think, would be to give prizes to be competed for by those who had already been in Chambers. Those who failed would at any rate get a useful training. The ordinary examination would do for those not intending to practise in England.

The Guildhall rat meeting favoured a Royal Commission. The matter is important. The plague is among rats: of this there is no doubt; but there are all sorts of views among experts in plague history as to why it does not spread to men as it ought to do on some theories. A good deal of learned discussion is going on about species of rat fleas, and some who minimise the effect of rat contagion believe most English rat fleas not to be of the species that bites man as the Indian rat flea does. Then viruses and other means of destroying the rat, which hitherto have not proved very effective, need inquiry. The most remarkable part about it all is that 40,000 men are to take part in military manœuvres in a most plague-infected area, and yet the experts are not alarmed about it.

Dr. Grenfell's lecture on Labrador was all the more interesting because so little is known of that stretch of Canadian coast. Historically it attracts as the probable landfall of the Cabots. "Grenfell of Labrador," as he is called, has devoted the larger part of his life to the scanty population of whites and Indians who live along the coast. The people of Labrador, until he came among them, lived almost as completely cut off from civilisation as the Eskimos of the North, except during the Newfoundland fishing season. To-day he is able to say that Labrador has one small gaol and that is generally used as a club-house. Labrador may prove to be the Norway of the West for the tourist. Dr. Grenfell is of opinion that it can be added to the food-producing countries of the Empire. In timber and possibly in minerals it is rich.

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE.

THE British Empire has withstood many shocks. They have served only to brace up the British peoples to the high task they have set themselves to do in the world. In the new arrangement between Canada and the United States the British Empire has to withstand one more shock, as severe and menacing as any that have gone before, and by the way in which we meet it shall we most certainly be judged at the bar of history. We recall the fierce and long-drawn series of shocks which came from France; the two Pitts showed England how to deal with them. We recall the Russian menace; and in our own generation the German challenge. It found expression in the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, and brought out Mr. Goschen's flying squadron—in Mr. Kruger's homely phrase, "the Old Woman sneezed and Germany took to her heels". It next found expression in elaborate diplomatic manœuvres among the Powers of the Continent. Nearly every other country as well as Germany expected the British Empire to find its grave in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The manœuvres came to nought, for the simple reason that England and every one of the sister nations of the Empire showed their determination to pursue their own ideals in their own way. Again the German challenge found expression in the determined refusal of Germany to admit Canada's right to treat her own Motherland better than she treated Germany. The statesmen of Berlin saw what the unity of the German States in a compact policy of nationalism and Imperialism had done for Germany, and they realised the incomparable power which would come to the British Empire from the success of a corresponding movement among its component parts. Hence their persistent challenge. It was Mr. Chamberlain who brought about the denunciation of the Anglo-German and Anglo-Belgian treaties and set England side by side with Canada in the preferential stage of that conflict. The end came last year, when Germany abandoned her claim to equality of treatment in Canadian markets. And now the challenge to the British Empire comes from the most formidable of all our rivals—the United States; and the world is watching intently to see how we act. Have we the spirit and idealism to carry us through, and find new strength and purpose in the struggle, or are we to drift downwards to the rank of a Holland or a Spain?

Mr. Asquith and his colleagues cry "Hush". This, they say, is the affair of Canada and the United States. The food supplies and raw materials of the British Empire will be diverted to strengthen the competitive power of the United States in the world's markets; the most promising field for our manufactured exports will pass more and more under the control of our keenest rivals; but we are bidden accept it as the decree of Nature, and rest thankful for a fresh Cobdenite triumph. Similar reasoning would sweep away the industrialism of half Europe. The British Empire survives to-day in flagrant violation of these same "laws of nature", and if it is not the business of Imperial statesmen to conserve the British Empire, and make its resources minister to the needs and aspirations of the peoples of the Empire, we know of no reason for their existence. Certainly this is the affair of Canada; and, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain said in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Canadians must settle their own fiscal and national affairs. But so likewise must we settle ours; and in settling them we must concern ourselves, not as foes or even as carping critics but as intelligent world citizens, with the purpose of this glittering temptation to a State of our own Empire, and with the means of meeting the new situation which it creates. The purpose is consistent enough. It began with the Declaration of Independence, and the invitation then addressed to the Canadian people to share the fortunes of the new-born Republic. It has animated American policy all through the succeeding years. It was one of the reasons for the summary ending of the highly profitable Elgin-

Marcy reciprocity treaty of 1854. Canada must, argued Washington statesmen, come in or starve. She chose starvation. It gave an incentive to the purchase of Alaska; with the Republic north and south of her, Canada must succumb to the pressure of the arms of the American nutcracker. It dictated the message which Mr. Secretary Olney sent to Lord Salisbury, when he had the effrontery to give England notice to quit the American Continent. It inspired the repeated rebuffs which Canadian statesmen, seeking ordinary trade facilities, have suffered in past years at the doors of the White House: Canada must be taught the perils of isolation. Neglect and coercion have alike failed. Canada, having chosen her own national and Imperial way, has thriven amazingly in it; and now that it is to the interest of America having squandered her own natural resources to bespoil Canada's also for the particular advantage of American manufacturers and consumers, the warm hand of kinship is extended northwards in the hope that it will be grasped before the slow-moving people of the United Kingdom fully awoken to Imperial consciousness. "Canadian reciprocity is still possible", said that greatest of American railway magnates, Mr. J. J. Hill, in 1906—possible "largely because of the downfall of the Chamberlain policy in Great Britain. Had that been ratified, had England really granted to the Colonies a preference in its markets based on reciprocal advantages, this country would have felt the double thrust in a decline of business with its greatest and its third greatest customers on two sides of the Atlantic". Canada, he added, must now "seek commercial alliances elsewhere; it is perhaps the time when reciprocity with Canada may be considered with more favour than it ever can be again". Where Mr. Hill pointed Mr. Taft has followed. To Mr. Fielding he talks of reciprocity in natural products alone, and in a few manufactured articles; to his own people he holds out the prospect of a full "commercial union", and the more intimate association which must be the sequel of that union.

This, then, is the American challenge to the British Empire. We are asked to take comfort in the fact that Mr. Fielding created the preference before he negotiated this Washington agreement, and that he will not wreck his own handiwork. "We are turning our hopes towards the Motherland", said Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1907 in explanation of the preference; "we have done everything possible, by building canals and subsidising railways, to bring the trade from West to East and East to West, so as to bring trade into British channels. All this we have done, recognising the principle of the great advantage of forcing trade within the British Empire. We will have no more pilgrimages to Washington." Canada turned her hopes towards the Motherland, and the Motherland looked away. Left without the aid of our co-operating statesmanship, Canada finds herself to-day in the grip of Continentalism. Mr. Taft, or failing Mr. Taft the Democrats, might or might not in any case have been compelled by the economic needs of the United States to abolish the duties on wheat and food products generally and on lumber; but the particular triumph of her statesmanship is that she has induced Canada to become a party to these tariff changes, the British Ambassador assisting; and talk as Mr. Fielding and Mr. Sydney Buxton may about Canada's retention of the principle of preference, there are a hundred different ways in which her share in an agreement with the United States must shackle her freedom in conserving her own resources and enlarging the principle of Imperial partnership. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain have given the Unionist party its imperative marching orders. The full policy of preference must be maintained, for Canada is more than wheat, and the Empire is more than Canada. The fight for a larger and fuller Imperial co-operation will, as Mr. Chamberlain says with his fine courage, be carried on with unabated vigour and confidence. It touches the traditional spirit of our race, and it must be crowned with success. The Liberal party has given up the game of Empire, which is never played with much zest and never with any skill, for skittles at home. The

Colonial statesmen will find our ministers busy at their play, shying furiously at the Constitution, with no time to consider the Empire. We must show our visitors that there are other British public men, to whom the Empire comes first.

OVERTURE.

SOME overtures are a foretaste—which is a confusion of senses—or suggestion of the work to come. The motive of the whole is in the overture. It is sometimes so with the opening of Parliament. The preliminary passages show the sort of session which is to follow. It was not so this time. No one could gather from Mr. Asquith's speech or Lord Crewe's that Parliament was met on the threshold of tremendous events, whether or not preceded by a terrific struggle. Whatever comes, whether compromise or surrender or violence to the Constitution, the session must be a big one. Even tenour it cannot have; it must be historic; it cannot be humdrum, or, to put it more flatteringly, quietly useful. Mr. Balfour was quite right in congratulating the new men in Parliament on their arrival at an interesting time. They can hardly be bored this session, and for that anyone who has been in Parliament will tell them they may be intensely thankful. This much at any rate is due to the Government: they do keep politics interesting. So would the caretaker make his guardianship interesting who let the house burn down, though probably the owners would be less grateful to him for the sensation than other spectators. For the owners the excitement would be rather more than pleasant. We are all part owners of the State, and as part owners we would rather the Government provided a milder entertainment at less cost.

The piano pose of the Government, shown in the sweetly uncontroversial reference to the constitutional question in the King's Speech as well as in the reassuring tone of Lord Crewe and Mr. Asquith, is of course deliberate. It is policy. The Government know they have a very nasty job before them—a job their allies, in whose hands is the life of the Government, will not let them shirk, but which they cannot carry through without considerable hurt to themselves. Like every other unpleasant business, the more quickly and quietly it is done the better: the sooner it is put out of the way, the sooner it will be forgotten. They do not want too many spectators and would have those who do look on not look too long. There is only one way by which the Government can quit themselves of the Parliament Bill without hurt to themselves—with damage only to their opponents and to the country. If they can get the Opposition in the Lords to accept the Bill, all their troubles vanish in an instant. Whatever injuries follow, the Government will silence Unionist criticism by saying, "You accepted the Bill, you agreed to the policy". They will be relieved of all the burden of driving the Bill through Parliament and, above all, of a possibly very nasty business at the end. Quiet can be obtained ultimately, it is true, by knocking your opponent on the but you risk being hit yourself in the process, and altogether the far pleasanter way is for your opponent voluntarily to knock under to you. The Government believe that they can knock opposition in the House of Lords on the head by injecting the five hundred coal heavers. But even they themselves feel that it would be an indecent operation and they would rather not do it. When the country realised what had been done, it would resent it and would call the Government to account for it. Extreme and not squeamish Radicals might rejoice, but the public as a whole would be shocked. The Government know this well enough and so are trying to "tickle" the Opposition into acceptance of the Parliament Bill. One manœuvre is to represent it as no very great change after all—nothing like so great as what the Lords are proposing for themselves. After all, it will take two years to pass any Bill under the Government plan, and much may happen in two years. Much may happen; but more will happen after that two years—amongst other happenings will be Home Rule, Disestablishment, and Manhood (plus Womanhood) Suffrage.

Our leaders would be fools indeed to be lulled to acquiescence by this sort of cooing. Another trick is to assume as settled that the Lords will pass the Bill. No doubt the Government will be ready to give up sundry points that do not affect the issue—these concessions will be urged as proof of good-will and as reasons for similar generosity on the Opposition's part. But the Lords will pass the Bill. That is the Radical theme, with many variations, yet always the same. The "Westminster Gazette" has been saying this every day since the election—rather an amusing piece of psychology. When a man fears something greatly he tries to assure himself that it will never happen. When he has said this some hundreds of times, he begins to believe it and goes on repeating it with more conviction until he begins to make others believe it. A good many Radicals really have repeated themselves, we believe, into conviction that the Lords will accept the Parliament Bill as it is; and the Government evidently hope that by going on saying the same thing they will get the Unionist Party to believe it too. A few weak-kneed or weak-headed Unionists perhaps have been affected. But it should be pretty evident from Lord Lansdowne's speech and Mr. Balfour's on the opening day that the Parliament Bill is not going to be let through.

Mr. Asquith, of course, gave us a full dose of the reiterated will of the people, two elections on the precise issue and so forth. We do not admit either of these claims. Neither election was fought on this precise issue: the January election was fought mainly on the Budget. And even in December the Parliament Bill had been before the country only a few days: it had never been discussed in the Commons and hardly discussed in the Lords. It is insincere, it is mere rhetoric, to claim that an election was decided on the merits of a Bill the country had had almost no opportunity of considering. There had not been much debate even on the resolutions. We have no doubt that the receipt of old age pensions had more effect on votes than the Parliament Bill.

But even if the claim were admitted and a meticulous constitutionalism required the Lords to pass the Bill because two elections in which the subject of the Bill figured left a composite majority in favour of the Government on the question of the Lords, we should still say the Lords ought not to pass it. In these things there is merit as well as form. Are the Lords to observe a nicety of constitutional propriety in order to destroy the Constitution? The Parliament Bill as it stands sweeps away the present Constitution of the country. In passing it the Lords would be guilty of a constitutional offence far greater in substance than in refusing to be bound by the result of an election which left parties practically as they were. The Government contention as to the effect of the election merely puts the Opposition in the Lords to the choice between two unconstitutionals—one fatal to the Constitution entire, the other at most temporary in effect and touching only one point. Formally and strictly, of course, the Lords would not be acting unconstitutionally in passing the Parliament Bill as it is. Parliament can unfortunately do anything and not violate the Constitution in form. Therefore the Constitution can even commit suicide without doing violence to itself—a glorious paradox. Will our constitutional precisians say broadly that the Lords must pass every Bill which has been discussed at two consecutive elections resulting in favour of the supporters of the Bill? If a Bill came up bringing Parliament, both Houses alike, to an end? If a Bill came up affecting the King's person? If in a panic democracy insisted on an ignominious peace with a foreign invader? Surely in such events the Lords' duty would be to sacrifice a lower constitutionalism to a higher.

Then where is there any end? Does not this land us in the old impasse? That is quite true and all violences like the Parliament Bill will land the Constitution in an impasse, out of which there is no way but retreat or force. The making of five hundred Radical peers would the Yemen, and facilitates the transport of troops, ercing the Lords just as much as if the Government

surrounded the House with troops. We care not a jot for the learned and lumberous references to constitutional law books and authorities. The difference between ten, twenty, thirty and five hundred is so great that no precedent appears. There is no precedent. Constitutional form can be made to cover glaring unconstitutional fact. In creating or trying to create these five hundred peers the Government would be finding a way out of an impasse and nothing else. That would be their case and their best appeal. It could not help them in the least to pretend that they are doing nothing violent. They would be resorting to force and they would do best to admit it. Force is often the only remedy. Do they think to gain by throwing Erskine May and Bagehot at the elector of to-day?

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY AND EUROPEAN POLITICS.

WITH the recent Potsdam revelations before them, it is very unsatisfactory that the Opposition leaders have made no serious effort to criticise the foreign policy of the Government. Save for a few perfunctory remarks from Lord Lansdowne hardly any word was said about the uncomfortable situation towards which affairs are drifting. It may be that the Lansdowne policy differed so little from the present policy that the position of criticism involves equal difficulties with that of defence, but that hardly seems a valid excuse for the absence of some detailed examination of the Persian and Turkish problems at the hands of such competent inquirers as the ex-Foreign Secretary and Lord Curzon.

The question of the future of Southern Persia and the Turkish Hinterland of the Persian Gulf has to be faced. Every year makes the settlement of our policy more urgent, and as the Bagdad Railway creeps on to its goal, the more necessary it becomes to face the issue. So far as it is possible to understand the views of our Government, they are for postponement. The solution, at all events, of the southern routes question is postponed. The rigours of winter in that region have for the moment restrained the ardour of the gentlemen of the road but the melting of the snow will see a revival of their energies, and then we shall either have to take action or suffer grotesque humiliation, an alternative which ought to be—but is not—unthinkable. The possibility that the new Persian Regent will be able to organise an adequate police force must, we suppose, not be left out of account, though it will be difficult to draw correctly the exact limits between patience and weakness.

The largest and the gravest problem is, of course, involved in the Bagdad Railway scheme. By the deliberate action of Mr. Balfour's Government Great Britain declined to have any part or lot in that matter. This policy was the result, in part, of an adverse Report on the scheme from our Embassy at Constantinople, but in greater measure of a violent Press campaign engineered in this country. It has been said that our refusal was mainly due to the fact that while we were to be allowed to contribute to the project, we were not to be allowed any adequate control. If we consider how desirable the assistance of British capital to the promoters must have been, it is difficult to credit this bald statement. We could certainly, at that time, have secured adequate terms with regard to the southern portion of the line. We had not then to consider the susceptibilities of Russia, though France abstained in deference to them. The concession went to German financiers, though a British and Italian group nearly secured it. Our diplomacy, however, following its habitual practice, did nothing to help them, and the Germans obtained it. The bulk of the shares and the main control are German. Whether or no the enterprise will pay may be very doubtful, but no one who looks at the map can doubt that it will be of the greatest importance politically. To Turkey even the existing portion of the line is of great service, just as the so-called Hajaz Railway now shortens enormously the road to the Yemen, and facilitates the transport of troops. But the Turkish Government is paying dearly enough

for the accommodation. It has given a kilometric guarantee of 4,500 francs per kilometre for working expenses. At the present time it is pledged to pay an annuity of nearly half a million sterling (including the kilometric guarantee) as interest on loans to complete the next extension, which will take the line about 600 miles beyond Koniah. The work is therefore going on, though the most difficult part is about to begin, for the line has now to surmount the ridges and penetrate the defiles of the Taurus. It must be remembered, however, that these physical obstacles once overcome progress becomes much easier, for the plains will then be entered.

Russia has already made her bargain with the Power which is pushing the line on to completion. The importance of the matter to her is obvious. The line is to be carried over from the valley of the Euphrates to that of the Tigris, and from the dividing tableland strategical lines might easily be made imperilling Russia's hold on Northern Persia. Germany has now specifically abandoned any such intention, and has secured for herself the open door. Of this Germany will make full use. She has already begun to push her wares in Persia with her usual persistence and organising capacity. She has now obtained the opportunity to exploit the central region of Persia, which is neither specially Russian nor English. The Bagdad Railway will expedite the carriage of German goods. It must not be forgotten that having complete control of the line she will manœuvre so to adjust rates that she will be able to bring her merchandise into Turkish and Persian markets so advantageously as to compete successfully with our own. This will be a serious matter for our traders, but hardly affects Russia. On the other hand, both Russia and ourselves may be gravely affected when German influence has grown to the point that she can sway the action of the Persian Government. She already has financial agents at work at Teheran. This is all legitimate enough, for she has the right to push German trade and influence in Persia as much as anywhere else, and an Oriental Government now between two great Powers like Russia and ourselves will snatch eagerly at the support of a third.

The Bagdad Railway, as it advances, will therefore bring both Turkey and Germany into much greater proximity to Persia, and tend to impair the preponderating position both of Russia and ourselves. Even now in the north Turkey has encroached on Persian preserves, occupies disputed territory with her troops, and is setting up "Ottoman" schools, and making the natives pay for the upkeep. This is naturally a serious matter for Russian ambitions. Our own position is more gravely affected by possible developments in the southern portions of Turkish or Persian territory. No British Government, we trust, will ever consider the abandonment of our position in the Persian Gulf or in the southern part of Persia, but moral rights resting on no Treaty right are apt to be contested when it suits other parties, and it is well to have them clearly defined by written agreements. We have had disputes with Turkey recently over Koweit. We want no renewal of them when troops can be transported to Bagdad by railway, and Germany might find it convenient to back up Turkish demands. It is a mere dream that Germany might acquire from Turkey a new port or coaling station in the Persian Gulf; there are none that we do not control, nor could there be—they do not exist. Unless a direct "casus belli" were sought, the danger lies elsewhere, though the Gulf question might be a convenient lever. The Bagdad railway greatly facilitates, and will progressively facilitate, German expansion in the Near and Middle East, while it will enormously increase Turkey's control of her more distant Asiatic provinces. These are its main bearings; there are many subsidiary, of which we have noted some.

Probably when our Government originally declined its support the idea prevailed that the line could never be made. This was a dangerous assumption. In any case we did not intend to assist the spread of German influence in the East. It is now extending without us, and the line may prove indirectly remunerative. But its present position is difficult, and therefore the moment is good for negotiation. The kilometric guarantee has

been fully expended up to the existing stage; there is therefore no resource to fall back on, and the stiffest part of the task now lies before the engineers. An adroit diplomacy would find the opportunity for arrangement now ready to its hand. But are our representatives still either adroit or capable? We wish we could believe they were.

THE TIDE OF CRIMINALITY.

THE Home Office, issuing the Judicial Statistics for 1909, has printed an Introduction by Mr. H. B. Simpson. His opinions, says the Report, must not be taken as the official views of the Department, but coming from such a source, they have attracted widespread attention, and they deal with grave problems on which there is great divergence of opinion. "The fluctuations", he observes, "in the figures between one year and another are due to causes which can only be conjectured." The same statement was made by the Commissioners of 1863, who admitted that "The number of crimes committed in any given time in the country is probably less affected by the system of punishment which may be in use than by various other circumstances, such as the greater or less welfare of the population."

Mr. Simpson bases his criticism upon the fact that "during last century the proportion of crime to population tended to fall, during this century it has risen." This is, of course, a matter to be regretted, but further figures go some way to dispel its significance. When we hear that the crime-rate tended to fall, the question at once arises, to fall from what? In every hundred thousand of the population, says Mr. Simpson, the annual average number of persons tried for indictable crimes was, during 1864-1868, 278—we will ignore decimals—during 1869-73, 242; during 1884-8, 208; during 1898-1903, 168; during 1904-8, 179; and in 1909 it was 187. Thus it would appear that the really unfavourable feature in the return consists in the steady rise in the last few years. On the other hand, it seems from these figures that the percentage of crime to the population is much lower than it was in all but two of those periods when the average was declining.

Our disquietude may be further abated, when we read in the Report that, while in 1908 the number of persons tried for indictable offences was 68,116—the largest number so far recorded, in 1909 it had fallen slightly and stood at 67,149. Moreover, in the latest statistics furnished by the Prison Commissioners, taking us up to March 1910, there is a fall in the total number of prisoners of all sorts, amounting to 5,416. Mr. Simpson takes some pains to account for the increase in dishonesty, and considers that the great change which has been slowly taking place in public opinion with regard to the true nature of crime and criminals, may have something to do with it. "In the magazines and newspapers . . . articles on crime and punishment are commoner than they ever were, and the sentiment that is expressed towards the criminal is almost universally compassionate, and often sympathetic to an extent that no previous generation has shown." And he further observes "A community that no longer resented crime and had learned to feel nothing but compassion for the criminal, would in time inevitably find itself faced by a flood of criminality, against which police and prison authorities would struggle in vain."

It is indeed obvious that thieving, fraud, and forgery, if practised beyond a certain extent, would render the continuance of civilised life impossible. We may also say that those who systematically prey upon others are the kind of criminals most worthy of blame and severe reprisals, for they are really pestilent parasites. But we must look for a remedy wiser and nobler than popular indignation or pharisaical implacability. All this was in vogue dim centuries ago, when crime was flourishing exceedingly, when a statute of Elizabeth (8 Eliz. c. 4) could complain of the then prevailing practice of picking pockets at the foot of the gallows-tree. In those "robust" days they made up parties to witness hanging, they stoned and pelted those in the pillory, and men tied to carts and bleeding from crimson stripes and confluent furrows

were flogged through the jeering crowds in the market towns.

Resentment still ruled in the nineteenth century. We can read in the Report of 1863 how "men with characters branded by their having been convicts, are exposed to an almost insuperable disadvantage in the strong competition for employment in this country . . . though some masters are willing to employ liberated convicts from motives of charity, it is necessary carefully to conceal their previous condition from their fellow workmen, who would otherwise refuse to work with them. This feeling amongst the free working population is one which it is neither possible nor desirable to remove." So said Her Majesty's Commissioners, and yet they wondered why men who had been convicted relapsed again, in spite of all the prison horrors at that time prepared for them.

We are beginning to know our criminals better, and consequently, to hate them less. Some day we shall classify them, a reform dreadfully overdue. With regard to those who compose the mass of chronic offenders, they are really but pitiable defective creatures, mostly incurable by anything they can do. The late Captain Harvey, a prison governor, said in his evidence, "The fact that they come in and out of prison so frequently, is not so much a question of desire or inclination on their part, as of want of power to resist the very slightest temptation which is thrown in their way." Mr. Simpson's opinion is much the same. "The criminal class is largely composed of men who, from weakness of character, have succumbed to temptations which others in similar circumstances are able to resist."

The growth of these social weeds is undoubtedly serious. Professor Karl Pearson, and others, consider that the Western nations are now artificially selecting from the least fit. But resentment is called for not against these subnormal failures, but against the deep-seated causes that bring them forth. Dr. Maudsley considered that we probably manufacture our criminals as much as our cotton goods, but the criminals by complicated and imperceptible processes. Doubtless, the ever increasing pressure of modern life, machinery, free competition, cheap foreign wares, alcohol, and all the unhealthy excitements inseparable from vast urban populations tend to produce insanity, or at least neurasthenia, and overthrow the less stable natures with terrible certainty. It is time that all the loafers and wastrels were gathered in, for the idler of to-day is the criminal of to-morrow; the State will have to place them, and those who are incapable of reform must be kept apart by themselves, but not in prison.

THE CITY.

THE Home Railway market has been the centre of interest in the Stock Exchange during the last ten days. The sensational news of the proposed absorption of the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway by the Midland was followed by the scarcely less sensational increase in the dividend on Midland Deferred Stock. Enthusiasm was then temporarily checked by the threatened strike on the North-Eastern, but fears in this respect were promptly dissipated, and dealers were enabled to resume their optimistic views, which, in regard at any rate to the dividend announcements by the London and North-Western and the South-Western Railways, were fully justified. Tilburys have maintained a 20-point rise since the merger proposals were published; but the present quotation leaves opportunity for a further 15-point improvement if the scheme be carried out, as it will give the stock a value of 165. The margin between that and the current price allows for the remote contingency of Parliamentary sanction to the amalgamation being refused; but the Bill is not likely to come before the House of Commons until November. Discussion of the Midland-Tilbury deal has revived rumours of the possibility of the North-Western Company taking over the North London line. The last of the important Home Railway dividends hav-

ing been declared, it is possible that interest in this market will now diminish. Contrary to general expectation, it is found that the speculative position for the rise in Home Rails has been very considerably reduced during the last fortnight, which indicates that recent purchases on behalf of the public have been mainly for investment.

Broadly speaking, the experience of brokers throughout the "House" is that there is a fairly good investment demand, while speculation has shown a decided tendency to diminish. The inactivity of the speculative markets was partly due to the carry-over, and in view of the easier contango charges this week, it is not at all unlikely that the new account will bring more business, particularly as the condition of the money market is encouraging, and despite the fact that the Bank-rate has not been altered.

The upward course of Canadian Railway stocks has been impeded by reports of a severe blizzard, and also by the further consideration of the proposed reciprocity treaty with the United States. As regards American Rails, the most conspicuous feature is the apathy of the American public. The blizzard has interrupted traffic on some of the north-western lines, but otherwise news has been of a favourable character. The reciprocity agreement, if accepted, is expected to benefit the United States Railways; trade indications continue to show gradual improvement, and the professional sentiment appears to be bullish; but the public on both sides of the Atlantic resolutely refuse to buy stocks at present prices. Perhaps they will follow precedent by taking them at a higher level later on, and so provide the professional element with larger profits.

The South African market has been depressed, somewhat unduly, by the leakage of news that the Consolidated Goldfields Company is about to issue new capital. It is understood that official announcement will be made over the week-end of intention to obtain power to create £1,250,000 of second preference shares, bearing, it is expected, 6 per cent., of which £625,000 will be issued as soon as possible.

The Rhodesian section is in a state of suspended animation in anticipation of the Chartered report, which is due about the 18th inst. Meanwhile, some ultra-optimistic forecasts of the state of the company's finances are being circulated; and, although there is not the slightest doubt that the report will reflect remarkable progress during the past year, there is the danger that the market is expecting too much, and that consequently it will be disappointed. However, dealers are hoping that the appearance of the report will be a signal for a revival of interest in Rhodesians, it being recognised that a "boom" in Rhodesians is impossible without the participation of Chartered.

The behaviour of the Rubber Share Market has been somewhat unsatisfactory. The price of hard Para rose well above 6s., without imparting a corresponding buoyancy to the shares. This seems to suggest that shares were being pretty freely offered by insiders under cover of the strength of the commodity, which, in view of the probability of a large supply of rubber for sale at next week's auction, is considered rather significant. In the Oil Share department efforts are being made to excite public interest, but without much success so far. The news that the Admiralty has asked for tenders for 200,000 tons of oil, as against 100,000 tons last year, had very little effect on the market; but possibly the public is awaiting the flotation of some of the new companies which are expected.

CRONJE: A REMINISCENCE.

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

CRONJE dead! How the name recalls the memorable day, eleven years ago, which brought to a close that distressing series of paralysing defeats and unprofitable victories. The grey cold morning, with bullets dropping out of the still starlit sky, settling plumply in the dust about one like fat snipe in an

autumn night on Russian marshes. Was it a last desperate effort of that stolid old campaigner to force his way out of the trap which he had built and baited to his own undoing, the bait of waggons and women-folk from which he could not, from long contempt of his opponent, shake himself free?

Or was it the diversion, so long promised and feared, De Wet—name then of no ill-omen—thrusting in upon the circle which enclosed his comrade within a ring of fire? None could tell; it was still too dark to stir; and the queer positions in which the opposing forces were placed made friend and foe an equal menace to movement.

A few yards away, in the brown dust under the grey trees beside the mud-stained river, was the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, his own simple waggon giving no outward hint of the importance of what it held. The bullets were dropping about him, too; not a shower, but like heavy thunder drops before a storm.

The horses were made uneasy; save the poor beast pawing in his particular mud puddle, too pre-occupied by the pains of laminitis to give a thought to anything else. Hard and lean, how hungry they were, nibbling incessantly at the parched heather-like scrub, which had such a blatant negation of nourishment about it. Hungry! But who was not hungry then? What a strange uncertain life we had led since that black breathless night, a bare fortnight ago, when, with interminable impedimenta, the accumulating army had loosed its hold of the railway, and launched itself, an incalculable avalanche, upon the veld. What days of eager speculation they were; what nights of adventure. Never had one been in war so ignorant of what was about to be. This was the strategic claim, that the tactical opportunity; but what were those in South Africa where all the old maxims were acquiring a new meaning? Without a map, ignorant of the country, knowing neither the disposition of our own forces nor the exact whereabouts of the enemy, one turned eastward in the darkness of the dawn, an insignificant eddy in the suction of an army. About one the beat of horse-hoofs, the tramp of men, the mile-long creak of baggage trains, the unearthly cries of their drivers, all mingled in the darkness and the suffocating dust. A cart carried all one's subsistence for man and horse; but a cart had to follow where carts could go, and the occasion was too promising to be tethered to such a trifle as subsistence. The cart was left to the tender intelligence of its Zulu driver, and a move made for the front of whatever might be before us.

It was a curious front: indeed, no one knew for the moment where or what it was. A front of horsemen, and horsemen before it; the outline changing unexpectedly, for the incursion was a complete surprise, and the startled Boers were dispersed about its margin to discover what might be its dimensions and intent. They were scattered about the country, as the air is filled with bees about an overturned hive, and caution should have restrained one's movements more than in that moment of emancipated expectancy it was able to. With all things in flux, the army most of all; little fights breaking out here and there; mystery enshrouding the shape and purpose of everything; but with the stimulating certainty that at last the decisive blow was to be struck—the need to know made it impossible to be prudent. The risks were many, but the reward was great, as the vast movement took coherent shape to one's understanding, and one felt at each fresh contact its embracing purpose.

So short were we of food that one was forced to scrape the cooking pots from which the enemy had been startled, and to gather together for one's horse the oats that had been left upon the ground. The foul water gritt under one's teeth, but even for its foulness one was thankful; at night one slept without covering, one's head on a saddle, the horse tethered to one's belt. It sounds uncomfortable, probably it was; but on none of the more comfortable months that followed can one reflect with the same content, so much does the impulse of living count before its satisfaction. Even the excitement of the hours that came after held no greater charm. The dash with the cavalry towards Kimberley; the long gallop back with news that was never sent; the

hard push forward to be in time for Paardeberg; then again to Kimberley, a lonely, dangerous ride, through a country strewn with flying Boers; a few hours there of Cecil Rhodes' hospitality—such a strange break of luxury in the starving unwashed life one had been living—then back again to Paardeberg to be in time for the surrender.

And so after that breathless fortnight the grey morning dawned when the bullets began dropping like heavy rain about us, and we wondered, saddling our horses, what the end would be.

The drops ceased, silence followed, the crackling of the rifles died down like a fire of thorns; the gurgling of the river, just recovering from flood, re-asserted itself from the deep ravine. Down that river had floated dead men from the laager; they bumped against one, bathing there, and, with the flood, the carcasses of horses that had lain festering on the banks, rendering somewhat incongruous the notice that forbade bathing to preserve its purity for drinking purposes.

The East grew whiter, the stars paled, and the first light carried one cautiously towards the laager to see what had befallen it. On the way one met the news, met it in the most dramatic shape it could have taken, the square squat figure of a man upon a sorry-looking cob, wearing a slouch hat, a worn green overcoat, and frieze trousers—Cronje! Whip in hand, his trousers well above his boots, a sour and moody disgust upon his countenance, he looked like an unprosperous and discontented farmer, not in the least particular a man of arms.

He took his beating badly; doubtless the contempt he had poured on his conquerors had an ill taste in his mouth; perhaps the mistake he had made in not abandoning his convoy was still bitter.

He paid no heed to our salutation, though, as a brave man deserved, it was sufficiently respectful. He paid, indeed, no heed to anything. His body was as stiff as though it had been stuffed, his eyes glared repellently ahead of him, from his attitude proceeded a curious effect of vindictive hatred, of which even the dullest must have been painfully aware. There seemed to be a sense of impenetrable silence about him by which the whole of his escort was subdued, from which he could not wrench himself even to return the gracious greeting with which his victor offered tribute to the determination he had shown.

The morning afforded a pleasant contrast in temperament to that dour spirit, when the men he had commanded marched out of the river bed in a long, dark, rambling column over the veld.

Never could there have been a queerer coated army! Dressed in loose weary-looking garments, mostly of faded black, which might have been supposed to fit any but the wearers, carrying brown-paper parcels, stuffed bandanas, billies, teapots, small bags and bottles; some under umbrellas, some in goloshes; they might have been Welsh revivalists on their way to a mountain meeting; almost anything, indeed, but the men they were. It made one more unhappy to have defeated them than to have found them so hard to defeat. The men in uniform by the guns, who had been bombarding them for ten days in vain, groaned in spirit as that ragged black column ambled past them across the veld. It would have been impossible for a soldier to imagine more humiliating opponents; but, unlike their commander, they took, for the most part, their defeat in a soldier's spirit. They made light of the hell they had been living in, but they were glad to be out of it. They bore themselves as gentlemen, with little ill-will, and much gratitude for anything that was done for them. They pitied the men who had beaten them because they were not yet rid of the war. Perhaps, could they have foreseen the years of exile ahead of them, they would have been less complacent; but the temper was a curious one which could make such indomitable and yet such indifferent fighters. One could not wonder that that silent implacable figure under the trees had for all his stupidity held them to his will with such iron pertinacity.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE."

WHEN in one of the finest of modern stories Lord Jim jumped from the pilgrim ship for no other apparent reason than to save his skin, everybody that came to hear of it was puzzled. Jim was a man of proven courage, who had faced without winking all the perils of the sea. Nevertheless he jumped for safety, and forever the brand was upon him; his honour was founded. Jim was a haunted man—haunted by the thing he had not willed to do; and for the rest of his days he was left to face the riddle of his deed. It is a fine theme, and Mr. Conrad has finely handled it. It is some time since I read "Lord Jim"; and I was extremely grateful to Mr. Mason for bringing him again to mind. There was a faint suggestion of Mr. Conrad's story in Mr. Mason's play. The story of Jim is the story Mr. Mason might have told in dramatic form, had he been ambitious for a piece of work out of the ordinary dramatic run. For Stella Ballantyne, the heroine of Mr. Mason's play, is in one respect the counterpart of Jim. Jim was not the man to jump from the pilgrim ship; but jump he actually did, and was surprised at himself ever after. But he was not a quarter so surprised as Stella should have been when she murdered her husband. Stella Ballantyne was meeker and more dutiful than any woman has a right to be. Mr. Ballantyne objected to the bruise on her neck. True, he had put the bruise there himself, but he objected to his wife parading it against him. Almost it seemed as if she defied him. Stella was rebellious at first, but in the end she covered the bruise with a bead necklace. The necklace was intended, it is true, to save the feelings of the visitor who came to dine that evening; but it typified the extremity of her submission. Her true and proper end was to be killed by Mr. Ballantyne, or to take the advice he so heartily gave her: "Why don't you shoot yourself, and rid me of a fool?" This, indeed, she was actually beginning to do; but, being inexperienced and a little flurried, she contrived to be interrupted in the midst of her preparations. Whereupon, suddenly changing her mind, she shot Mr. Ballantyne instead. It was a case of flat murder. Mr. Ballantyne, it is true, was drunk, and rushing dangerously at her when she fired; but it was not justifiable homicide. Mrs. Ballantyne tells us plainly later on that at the precise moment of firing her instinct to defend herself was not the motive. She did not shoot to preserve herself. This, indeed, would have been foolish, as she wanted so badly to die. She shot, to kill Mr. Ballantyne; and, having successfully killed him, she went straight to bed and to sleep.

There, however, the matter ended; for Mr. Mason has not written a play about the murder. The crime for itself alone is of little real importance. We must hurry on to see how Mr. Thresk (Mr. George Alexander), to save Mrs. Ballantyne, committed perjury at her trial. For Stella was tried for her life; and the utmost she could hope for was a verdict of justifiable homicide. Then Mr. Thresk appeared as witness for the defence. He was the guest whose feelings had been consulted in the matter of the beads, and he swore in the box to a thin brown arm he had seen protruding under the tent on the evening of his visit. On the strength of the thin brown arm Mr. Ballantyne was supposed by the jury to have been murdered by Indian agitators. Of course, there had never been a thin brown arm at all; but Stella was acquitted, and in due course she returned to settle down in England.

It is at this point that Mr. Mason definitely refuses to tell the story of Lord Jim. Stella does not worry much about the murder, nor does she seem at all surprised by her own performance. What worries her most is the interest people take in her as being almost a criminal. In her chosen village she takes the place of the pig-faced woman, who was the local celebrity before she came. This gets on her nerves; but the real play begins when Stella wants to take another husband. She wanted him so desperately that she married him secretly, without telling him she ought really to have been hung in Bombay. This is where Mr. Thresk

comes in. Morality, truth and justice are always quite safe in the hands of Mr. George Alexander. Here obviously was the opportunity to rub into Stella some elementary rules of conduct. Stella must confess she murdered Mr. Ballantyne. Mr. Alexander urges it upon her in his sweetest and firmest manner. If Stella will not confess, he will ruin himself by telling everybody that he has been guilty of perjury. When Mr. Alexander appeals to the better nature of a heroine in a play there is only one possible end. Stella promises to tell her second husband that she has killed her first; and the second husband, not being a brute, dismisses the whole thing as the trifle it is.

Mr. Mason is one of the few who keep alive the old art of story-telling. His people are human enough to make us care what becomes of them. A dash of humanity in the characters, and a story that moves easily from point to point—these are the qualities that distinguish Mr. Mason's new play. The mechanism of most modern stories creaks audibly as they move; but Mr. Mason can tell a story without difficulty, and with him the story is the beginning and the end. It never occurred to me at the St. James' Theatre to ask whether Stella Ballantyne and Mr. Thresk would successfully stand the test of examination outside in an everyday light. They were not intended to stand still and be investigated. They were intended to move about in a story, and in the story they were interesting and exciting people. One likes to feel about a hero or a heroine that one would have done exactly as they did in like circumstances. I am sure we all feel like that at the St. James'. I would, at the moment, most certainly have murdered Mr. Ballantyne with Stella, and have lied to her jury with Mr. Thresk. Once outside in the open air of St. James' Street I realised that I might not have done anything of the kind; or that, if I had, I should certainly have behaved very differently later on in the play. But that is not the point. In the theatre the story held the attention. The play was extremely well built. One was continually in suspense. You expected something to happen; and, when it happened, it surprised you. Only a born story-teller can manage that. The fourth act, too, was better than fourth acts usually are. Though the third act made a really strong climax, the fourth did not drop suddenly down as is almost invariably the way. I am so grateful to Mr. Mason for daring to tell a good story without striving to be clever, or worrying to be profound, that I would like to get through this article without grumbling at all. But there is one point in which Mr. Mason must look to his equipment. The dialogue is not good. Often it is actually stilted. People warm their hands by the fire of life and the fire sinks to ashes. Of course, there are many worse offenders in this respect than Mr. Mason—playwrights, too, who do nothing else but write for the stage. Mr. Mason must be especially careful. It is fatal to his gift for telling a good story if we are suddenly made to feel that his characters are talking from the book. I am convinced that Mr. Mason only wants practice: the root of the matter is in him, and good dialogue only comes by writing, and writing again.

Of the people who inhabit plays none excites so much sympathy as the criminal. The heart of an audience goes out to the murderer and the thief. If Stella Ballantyne had been convicted, we should all have felt very miserable. If her second husband had disowned her for having murdered the first, we should have wanted to fall upon him with a horse-whip. As for the perjury of Mr. Thresk, did not he himself—fine fellow that he was—say he would gladly do it again for Stella's sake? Who on the stage is more popular than the housebreaker? The man who plays detective to Mr. Du Maurier's housebreaker has every heart in the audience against him. It is curious to watch civilised people at a play, with eyes shining approval upon murder, theft, and every kind of lawlessness. This, I take it, is our reward for keeping the law so correctly "foris et domi." In public and private life we neither kill, nor steal, nor bear false witness. We give up the murderer to justice with all the satisfaction that accompanies the performance of a moral duty. Surely, then,

we may unbutton at the theatre in enjoyment of a bout of law-breaking at second hand. In the theatre the savage beneath the waistcoat of every civilised householder rejoices to see the criminal successful in the law's despite. This same civilised householder, if he should find Mr. Du Maurier making away with his plate—but that is another matter. Mr. George Alexander and Miss Ethel Irving should be very popular during these next weeks. Their new parts come to them with the best credentials. The children who wait in the halls of the future, if they are intended for a theatrical career, cannot do better than bring with them the crime they will have to commit.

A new comedy of English life by Mr. Charles McEvoy was produced at the "Haymarket" on Wednesday night—a notable première. I will deal with this play next Saturday.

P. J.

PORTRAITS AND SCULPTURE.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

I CANNOT refrain from envying Mr. Robert Witt his task of choosing a hundred masterpieces* of painting, well though I know from similar experience that the making of such anthologies is apt, as Mr. Witt himself confesses, to breed something like despair in the compiler. Everyone wishes something away, misses some special favourite, from every selection of the kind; but perhaps the chief use of an anthology is to set one thinking, choosing for oneself, and then revising the choice; and in such an exercise of judgment we learn, better than by any other means, both to distinguish between the absolute best and the all-but best work, and to realise what it is we really like and crave for. There is nothing capricious in Mr. Witt's choice, though it betrays individual preferences. The Dutch School is over-represented, I think; and it seems hardly excusable to include Israels and omit both Ingres and Delacroix. On the other hand I am grateful for the inclusion of Matthew Maris' wonderful "Four Windmills", which holds its own in any company. But for the most part criticism would be merely the maintaining of personal preferences. Sometimes in making up the ideal series one might be tempted to choose the whole from the few creators of many masterpieces, and probably the standard would be heightened so. Mr. Witt has cast his net more widely, and if some of the work admitted brings down the level a little, the result is the more representative of general European art. Glancing through these pages and summoning up in the mind the glowing panels and canvases which they recall, you realise the limitations as well as the glories of painting in Europe. Its great glory is its splendid humanity. On the ideal and spiritual side its real triumphs are rare. Many of the most famous pictures of religious subjects are not, as Mr. Witt reminds us in his preface, religious in character at all; and the most human treatment of them, as in Rembrandt, is the most penetrating and illuminating. Even in imaginative subjects of human story the failures far outnumber the successes. But in portraiture and themes akin to portraiture, how many are the triumphs! Mr. Witt could have filled his volume with absolute masterpieces in this kind alone. With the one exception of Michelangelo all the greatest masters have painted portraits, and among those are some of their most wholly satisfying works. There is no giving the palm in portraiture; at one time it is Titian who enchants us most, at another Velasquez, at another Holbein, at another Rembrandt, at another Raphael. And then it may be we remember some miraculous Van Eyck which seems in its way to go beyond them all. What heights too have lesser men won in portraiture: painters like Ghirlandaio, Bronzino, Antonio Mor, Van der Helst! And still I have not mentioned masters who challenge comparison with the greatest—Van Dyck, Hals, Reynolds, Gainsborough, to omit more modern names.

No wonder, then, that with so much sureness of success behind them in this field, modern figure-painters tend more and more to rely on the portrait theme. For it is no mere plain presentment of a man's or woman's features that need limit the artist; the portrait melts into the idyll or seems to stand for a cause, or becomes a type of human feeling, and thought, and experience, or evokes the sympathies of drama.

The first London exhibition of the National Portrait Society, a new society, very representative in its membership, which has been called into being for reasons doubtless excellent, though to me unknown, is not a particularly brilliant show, but illustrates sufficiently the variety of modes and tendencies in the portraiture of our day. And though confined to portraits, or subjects that may pass as such, the collection does not strike one as more monotonous than most picture-shows. In most of these paintings we are conscious of the artist's desire to set his sitter into natural relation with his or her surroundings, sometimes even to the extent of losing in those surroundings the initial theme. Mr. Steer takes a landscape view of portraiture, and his portrait of a lady in the open air and summer sunshine leaves no impression of dominance in the figure; just as in Mr. Campbell Taylor's pleasant little "Portraits in a Drawing Room" it is the drawing-room which takes the principal place. Canvases like Mr. Nicholson's portrait of the Earl of Plymouth, where the background is a mere foil of blackness to the red robes, look almost old-fashioned, but are not the least effective portraits on the walls. Mr. Gerald Kelly is experimenting, and his device of placing a delicately modelled profile against a ghostly grey emptiness is not a fortunate one; other painters have been fond of a featureless plain background, but the lack of surface quality and perhaps the actual tint in this case spoil the relation between the figure and the space beyond. Other portraits by this painter show his powers more felicitously; the "Tragic Mask" especially, an Eastern lady in native dress, is beautifully felt and original in colour. By this hangs in happy contrast a portrait of English girlhood, "Camilla", by Mr. Walter Russell, quite captivating in its buoyant pose and blithe colour, the stripes of fresh blue in the dress enhancing the bloom of the face. Mr. Russell has put unusual vigour into the design. Mr. Von Glehn is also seen to advantage, and shows increasing mastery of his aim: the difficult painting of the lady's head in "Le Déjeuner", with the warm glow of light among the leaves above it, is particularly admirable. Mr. Spencer Watson's two portraits of Miss Tisdall are remarkable for nervous fineness of draughtsmanship; and drawings by this artist, as well as those by Mr. Francis Dodd and by Mrs. Emmet von Glehn, attractively diversify the exhibition.

But after all, though I have not mentioned powerful work by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Strang, Mr. Glyn Philpot, Mr. Orpen, nor the group of early Watts' portraits, nor Whistler's "Mr. Luke Ionides", it is a sculptor's portrait which I find most impressive in the memory. This is the bust of Mrs. Chadbourne by Jacob Epstein. This is indeed masterly work, broad and strong in its definition of the planes, yet subtle and with a strange quality of life. It has the satisfying sense of complete decision, and the fresh strokes of the chisel on the stone give that direct impression of the sculptor's hand at work which we miss in so much sculpture. Mr. Epstein's large figure "Euphemia" is out of place in a gallery of portraiture; and as it is, I believe, part of a large concerted scheme, it ought not to be judged by itself. It is original and striking, and the head is finely conceived, but the design of the figure as a whole, with its curiously strained legs, is rather baffling. We feel that the artist has a firmly defined intention, but without the rest of the scheme to which the figure is related we cannot well understand it.

Akin to Mr. Epstein's work in aim and method are the first essays in sculpture of Mr. Gill, which are to be seen at the Chenil Gallery in Chelsea. Mr. Gill's beautiful lettering in stone is well known and prized by those who care for the fine art of inscription. We all owe him gratitude for this sadly needed revival of beauty. In the little group of sculptures now shown it is extremely interesting to see an artist approaching problems of the round not from the modeller's point of view, as practically all modern sculptors do, but from the carver's. In fact Mr. Gill works on just the same lines as the stone-cutters who carved the figures on Gothic cathedrals, probably using no models, and the result he achieves has the same kind of qualities, always with the refreshing sharpness and manual felicity of the craftsman. He is far away from the picturesqueness and quasi-impressionism to which modern modelling has recently tended; his figures have their being from the blocks of stone out of which they are chiselled. And idea rather than external form is his aim. All this, and the obvious frankness and sincerity behind, make for impres-

* "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting." By R. C. Witt. London: Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

iveness. One is curious to see how Mr. Gill will go on. At present, as in the two reliefs representing, certainly with great power of contrast, in a straddling Mænad and in a Crucifix, the pride of life and the supreme renunciation of it, he is experimenting with primitive symbolic form. But will he be content to repeat this treatment? He has gone back to make a fresh beginning, starting clean away from the academic atmosphere, and that is an immense advantage; but I hope it is only the beginning.

I meant to have written before now about the drawings by Mr. Walter Sickert lately at the Carfax Gallery. The exhibition is a remarkable one, though calculated perhaps to repel rather than attract the average visitor. For Mr. Sickert is very austere, determined that nothing in the way of "subject", nothing "literary", shall taint the appeal of his art. The world he sees is strictly limited and not very interesting in itself; but his eye for character in his music-hall gallery audiences and his back bed-room conversation pieces is horribly infallible. To those who care for drawing for its own sake there are things in this little collection which are a sheer delight.

MURGER FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

IT was fifty years on 28 January since Murger's death, and very few papers let the date pass unnoticed.

It is curious how half a century may affect the fame of a writer. If you refer to current histories of literature you will not even find the name of Murger in them. The reason or I should say the cause is probably because Sainte-Beuve, who took heed of Champfleury—another bohemian—and of men like Alphonse Karr, ignored "la Vie de Bohème". But this reason is no reason at all. A critic may neglect a minor; an historian ought never to do so when this minor's influence has been real, or when his work has mirrored an aspect of life. And it is a fact that—no matter how wrongly—the name of Murger has been and still is identified with a word—bohemianism—which has been naturalised in every European language and may live its independent and ever-developing life for ages to come.

Certainly most people have quite a wrong notion of Murger's works and of his individuality. I remember reading the "Vie de Bohème"—an old green-covered book in the slumbering library of a country château—when I was fifteen or sixteen. Later on I read a chapter on Murger in the ponderous volumes of that critic with the ponderous adverbial name, M. Alfred Nettement, and found there a few quotations from Murger's poems, one of which ran,

"Et celle dont le nom aux lèvres me revient
Comme un miel fait de plante amère."

These lines remained for ever in my memory. From that time till almost recently Henry Murger became for me one of those interesting beings who after enjoying life exquisitely pay for it by exquisite sufferings. I have no doubt that I was not alone under the same delusion. Whenever you meet with an allusion to Murger it is invariably coloured with poetry, and if his books get reprinted in popular series it is mostly for the benefit of young or provincial people who still see him in that light. They think him a poet who lived poor and died young like those beloved of the gods.

Parisians must be apt to think rather differently. When one looks at Murger's bust in the Luxembourg garden, near the Odéon gate, one is rather startled to have an impression of somebody well-to-do and not exceptionally poetical. There may be a slight veil of sadness over the face, but it is a fat and comfortable face all the same, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour in the well-fitting bronze coat speaks of happiness and decency, of efforts rewarded and of promises for the morrow. A bust of Villon, if we possessed one, would never impress us in that way. The fact is that Murger had a most lucky career. The son of a German concierge and almost self-educated, in spite of some time lost trying to paint, he wrote at the age of twenty-three or four in the most brilliant Paris newspapers; at twenty-eight he made a big success with his "Vie de

Bohème", which was immediately put on the stage, and shortly after he was on the staff of the "Revue des Deux Mondes"—then in its most exclusive period—and, till his death in 1861, at the age of thirty-nine, he was in uniformly smooth water. Compare with this well-graduated career the ups and downs in that of so superior a writer as Gérard de Nerval. He was a real "bohème", and the tragic conclusion of his life by suicide, committed in lunacy, ought not to reflect any despair or gloominess on the years during which he was merely a child of nature, indifferent to poverty and more sensitive to pleasure and, above all, to beauty than to success. Murger was no more a bohemian than many young men divided between literature and red tapism, and waiting good-humouredly for the day when success or promotion will make their future clear.

His works are not exactly what they are supposed to be either. The *Grande Encyclopédie* and many journalists after it say that Murger is the bard of bohemianism, while Champfleury used to be its painter. In fact, Murger is—as I said above—generally regarded as an idealiser. In reality he is no such thing, and the mistake is a curious example of the frequent remodelings of history made by popular ignorance. The poet of careless, happy poverty, the glorifier of youth, the conjurer who gave such pre-eminence, not only in literature, but in life to that unknown being the Parisian student, is neither Murger nor even Gérard de Nerval—whose "Bohème Galante" is, however, so much more poetical than the "Vie de Bohème"—it is no other than Alfred de Musset. With numberless readers the title of Murger's book evokes the sensations which really belong to those exquisitely superannuated little things "Frédéric et Bernerette" and "Mimi Pinson", while these April anecdotes are in their turn haloed with the unspeakable charm of Musset's poetry. Truth to say, there are many tones and shades between Musset and Mimi Pinson, and as to Schaunard and Frédéric, they are separated by a whole world. Frédéric is the image of a man who was a patrician even more by nature than by birth, whereas Schaunard and Colline are low beings who only possess the cleverness which Murger chooses to lend them, and hardly ever rise above the preoccupation of paying or not paying their rent. Indeed, their creator may be amused with them, but he despises them heartily, and to us they appear sordid and almost uncleanly. Marcel and Rodolphe, who are better washed and dressed, and wonderfully attractive in the taverns and public balls of their quarter, are only "jeunes premiers" of very suburban little theatres, and so unreal, so evidently indifferent to Murger, who only uses them to set off the caricatures of the two others, that their characters are interchangeable. Even the most attentive reader could not tell their adventures separately. Yet generation after generation of so-called cultivated people quote Marcel and Rodolphe with as much conviction as Schaunard or Colline, so that two perfectly non-existent figures are becoming immortal, thanks exclusively to the imagination of romantic persons who put flesh and blood upon their empty names. Such are the paradoxes of literature. Murger, the comfortable writer, is viewed in the light of a Chatterton, and the puppets whom he alternately kicks round his little stage or charges with his facile wit are supposed to be poetical creatures. Light and apparently positive as it seems to be, the French mind has in it a sentimental streak which will satisfy itself in this way at the expense of truth. Perhaps the greatest merit of Murger was the luck he had to be the last to write about bohemians.

Shortly after him Flaubert led the way from romanticism to naturalism, and the "bohème" became what it still is, a dream of provincial school-boys. Literature went down several steps. Neither the Goncourts nor Zola were likely to take young men and "grisettes" frolicking in the lanes of Fontenay aux Roses. When romantic youth reappeared in the pages of Paul Bourget how different it was from Schaunard and his pals! Pale, distinguished, artistic, ambitious young fellows, as impassioned as Octave Feuillet's "jeune homme pauvre". Instead of singing life away they lived it with burning intensity, or were devoured by it as by a dreadful ocean. Even in the light books of Lavedan

and Maurice Donnay—in which they only seem, as their ancestors of the forties, to think of pleasure—the materialistic atmosphere, the tyrannical notion that life is short and nothing comes after it, and that the all-important thing is to live it intensely, still more intensely, lest any crumb of pleasure should be lost, kills every particle of real joy. When one goes back to Musset's stories, enervating as they used to appear to the moralists of those days, they seem healthy and happy in comparison.

Add to this that the evolution of poetry has been even more radical than that of romance, and that the most authentic bohemian in the history of French literature, Verlaine, far from cherishing his sorrowful experience, chose to dream the dreams of a court-painter in his "Fêtes Galantes", and you will see how far Murger is now from us. Watteau is one of our favourite artists; we get inspirations from Marivaux, indeed, people chronologically Murger's predecessors are nearer to us than he is.

So much for literature. What about life? Are there still bohemians walking the streets of Paris? Yes, but I am afraid they are the same who walk the streets of New York. If they have to be bohemians they do not like it, and strive to become something else as soon as they possibly can. It may be different with the curious communities of Russian or Asiatic artists, who live by tens or fifteens in studios within a few hundred yards of the room in which I write, but they are as impenetrable to me as if they lived in Tokio. The young French *littérateur* of to-day is often a Jew or the rival of a Jew who influences him, and he tends to be a wire-puller. The students in the Latin Quarter are now hard-worked and think of no fooling. Young fellows in society have but little fun in them; some are ambitious and work, the rest amuse themselves with as much seriousness and concentration as if they worked. Bohemianism is only the memory of a memory. The craving for pleasure has begot the craving after money, and this pretty state of things is canonised by philosophers who call it Anglo-Saxon energy.

BACH'S CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

HAD old Sebastian been in Queen's Hall during the first minutes of the concert of 30 January he might have suffered an apoplectic seizure (if ghosts are liable to fits); but had he recovered and sat in gloomy silence (for ghosts seldom talk) a while longer he might, when all was over, have departed to his own home not altogether dissatisfied, realising that the soloists, the Hallé chorus, the London Symphony Orchestra and Richter had done their honest utmost to interpret his music, some of the most splendid music ever conceived. He might also have meditated moodily on the stiff work the twentieth century finds it to enter into the thought and feeling of the eighteenth, and on the fact that since the Christmas Oratorio music was written the earth has rolled down hill by nigh two hundred years. I shall presently describe the manner in which the various performers sought to enter into Bach's spirit, and how far they succeeded in interpreting him. At the beginning the prospect was black indeed, and it seemed as though we were to hear only a travesty. To give Bach on a large scale presents difficulties quite unimaginable by those good folk who think his music is just like any other music. Bach composed for groups of oboes, of flutes, of trumpets and of strings, with a small chorus—I do not suppose he ever had more than four-and-twenty—and organ and harpsichord. The groups he sometimes employs antiphonally, as, for instance, when oboes, trumpets and strings take up the music in succession; at other times one group will accompany the solo voice or voices throughout a whole piece; in the big choruses all blow or pound away together. Now let us observe first that in those big *tutti*s the flutes and oboes might as well remain silent, for they cannot be heard; second, where trumpets and oboes alternate the oboes had better not be there, for they are almost inaudible, and the faint gibbering is merely irritating; third, the strings swamp everything save the trumpets; and the full organ buries everything save the highest notes of the trumpets. Whenever the structure of the music is anti-

phonal oboes and flutes are either useless or worse than useless. Take the opening of the first chorus, "Christians, be joyful": here we have five strokes of the drums, D D D D A, and after the fourth D a shrill outburst of the flutes; the drum beats are repeated with the flute passage given to the oboes. What did we actually hear last week? Why, instead of the joyous flute-trill, like an unexpected snatch of song from a bird hidden in a hedge-row, simply a feeble twitter meaning nothing, and at the repetition, an empty, seemingly distant, braying of a goat. Bach's ghost would certainly, I say, have collapsed to find his magnificent music so mishandled. Later on in the work there are few cases where the result can be so disastrous as here; and therefore I say the ghost might have felt a little less distressed—and it might even have enjoyed itself, for we may be sure that Bach never in his lifetime heard his choruses sung so finely as the Hallé choir sang them.

Let us keep a moment longer to the question of reproducing with modern instruments the effects of Bach's orchestration. We must assume that he wrote nothing he did not wish to be heard, and heard fully and clearly. The orchestral trumpet of the eighteenth century was a much less powerful and piercing engine than ours: it is always the sweet tone, "almost as sweet as that of the oboe", we read of when the famous trumpeters are mentioned. Further, the eighteenth century loved a reedy rather than a flute-like timbre: witness the number of instruments of the oboe family that were then in use, the number of oboes Handel employed, the "sweet snarl" of the harpsichord, the tone of the gamba. It seems impossible to escape the conclusion that Bach wrote for the more delicate trumpet and for more than one oboe to each part; and, intending every note to be heard, he wished a proportionate number of flutes to be used (and the flute of his day had not the power of ours); it is certain also that he had far fewer strings and voices. The organ alone remains as it was—for those of to-day are no more powerful than Bach's, though not so beautiful in tone—and its proper use depends entirely on the discretion and artistic sensitiveness of the player. The groups of instruments require modification, proportioning, and regulating; and as fewer strings to such a choir as the Hallé choir would be inaudible it follows that more oboes and flutes are a necessity. The old trumpet, apparently, can never be recovered; but one such as Mr. Solomon played so well last week would not be out of place in so large an orchestra if the batteries of other wind instruments were strong enough.

The whole performance was something of a makeshift; and I fear Richter is too thoroughly steeped in the neo-Romanticism of Wagner to feel any keen sympathy with Bach's Pietism; but, allowances made, it was excellent, and indeed the best I have yet heard. The choir sang superbly—with spirit, clearness, power, and plenty of delicacy. Of the soloists Miss Gleeson White was the only one who seemed really to understand Bach; Mr. John Coates made his recitative too operatic, but delivered the songs with smoothness and intelligent phrasing; Mr. C. McInnes inclined a trifle to sanctimonious religiosity, but in "Mighty Lord" sang with energy and at the proper times brought out some of the strange mysticism; Miss Marie Stuart's low notes lacked the power to sound through a too robust accompaniment in the Cradle-song. Still, all were good, and if some of the airs became a little tedious, the artists could scarcely be blamed.

For Bach never thought of the Christmas Oratorio being sung straight through from beginning to end. It consists of six cantatas for the six different feasts of Christmas; and the congregation had a few days to digest one before they had to listen to the next. The cantatas, however, hang together naturally; the story is continued piece by piece from the shepherds abiding in the field and the celestial vision in the first until in the last the Wise Men worship the infant Jesus and depart for their own country. The six therefore gain a certain unity from the literary basis; the key relationships hold them together somewhat; but the real unity is that of the stuff of the music, most of it Bach's very noblest, sweetest and most expressive. And here we come to a fact that has staggered and appalled the commentators. Many of the important numbers—certainly the most lovely air and two great choruses—were lifted by Bach out of his own earlier works, adapted to music from birthday odes for dukes and electors and it is surmised that two other choruses, and those amongst

Bach's most glorious, also are adaptations. I do not mean that he simply used up old material—themes or passages—but that entire numbers are taken just as they were first written; only the secular words are struck out and the sacred ones written in. The amazing thing is that the atmosphere is sustained, is in essence the same throughout, that, seeing the new words, the music seems inevitable. Verily, the old Leipzig organist was the most consummate faker the ages have produced. I know of no other composer who stole so much from himself for one work, and that a masterwork. In every way one's admiration for the man's astounding genius is intensified; that he should in the first instance have written such magnificent stuff for such trivial occasions is marvellous; that with unerring feeling he should have selected precisely the right things is miraculous.

The Christmas Oratorio is itself an occasional piece, or set of pieces. To what extent Bach's procedure was dictated by necessary haste, and how far he was actuated by a conviction that his music would be better preserved if allied to the services of a Church which he thought would live than if bound up with some doggerel adulatory of an Elector whom he knew would surely die—these are questions discussed in Spitta and elsewhere and cannot be entered into here. The work stands as, I think, the richest, most beautiful and grandest musical expression of the innermost life of the Lutheran Church of Bach's time. The "Matthew" Passion rises high above it: it is a conception belonging to Bach alone, and unshared by any of the preachers and theologians known to him; the "John" Passion represents perhaps more closely than this the average religious thought; but, picturesque and powerful as the "John" Passion is, it can hardly be compared to the Christmas Oratorio. In this last the design was freely chosen by himself, save that custom determined that each section should begin and end with a chorus or chorale (the one exception being the Pastoral symphony which opens the second part). The forms he employs are four: (1) choruses, reflective, or dramatic—the ancient Turbae; (2) chorales, wholly reflective; (3) songs, duets, etc., all reflective; (4) recitatives, either narrative or reflective. Such a chorus as "Glory to God" can scarce be classified. Nominally the song sung by the angelic host, it is quite as reflective as dramatic—at any rate it is very different from the Turbae. It is one of Bach's most superb achievements: the form is as definite and clean-cut as in Handel's setting of the same words: no one can lose the thread as many honest people always do in a Bach organ-fugue. The episode at "and peace on earth", with its deep-booming bass, and above that the pianissimo voices, is strangely like and unlike Handel's treatment of the same scene. As a contrapuntal feat the thing is incredible; with the first notes the flood-gates are opened and the tide of music rolls on with irresistible energy to the finish. "Lord, when our haughty foes assail us", and "Glory be to God Almighty" are two other specimens of Bach's most lordly, vigorous, yet—by an odd contradiction—almost homely style.

Of the chorales—notably "Break forth, O beauteous heavenly light" and its divinely tender last line—and of the songs, much might be said. But my remaining space must be devoted to one point: how on earth did Bach distil so much of his mysticism as we find in the solo numbers into music written, generally in a hurry, for trifling royal occasions? There can be only one answer: he wrote nothing all his life but religious music. The wave of Pietism which swept over Europe towards the end of the seventeenth century became mysticism in many minds besides Bach's; and Bach developed into a thorough mystic. He lived his days in a cloistral gloom, and by constantly applying the whole of his mighty artistic powers to the utterance of religious emotion, one mode of speech, whether he was cheerful or sad, at last was the only one he could use. If he had to write music at all it was his religious feelings that spoke; when he composed birthday cantatas he cannot have considered the words at all but simply have made use of them for the sake of the voices while giving his spirit free play in music, which when put in a fitting place stood out at once as some of the greatest religious music in the world.

Mr. Kreisler gave a concert in Queen's Hall on Tuesday night, and played very beautifully in Mozart's early violin concerto in D; but he, even he, was unutterably tedious to me in Elgar's new concerto—a trivial though pompous

piece of music, coloured with pigments taken from Tschai-kowsky's Pathetic Symphony. I cannot like broken-backed music.

PARABLE'S MASTERPIECE.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

PARABLE was a painter, a book illustrator, and at times a writer. When it became extremely difficult to sell large pictures he painted small ones, and when these became a drug in the market he painted much smaller pictures, and when he could not sell these readily he pawned them. For a time the plan worked fairly well, but, alas, there was competition in this line of art, and by and by the pawnbrokers of Fulham began to be over-stocked with small pictures done by artists, good and bad, who had lost their market in big pictures. The pawnbrokers found there were too many at the game, till it came to this, they would advance on the pictures of Parable and his friends and rivals the exact sum which they thought it good enough to advance on the frames.

So the little pictures ceased to go up the spout in Fulham. Parable turned to illustrating books with line drawings—or turned to making line drawings for which the writers supplied more or less relevant text. Large-paper copies were the thing at the moment, *édition de luxe*. But America, like the pawnbrokers, presently found there were over many at the game, so that light went out too.

Things looked up again later when the reading public wanted books full of colour drawings and no text to speak of; but before long the reading public called for the colours to be so loud and laid on so thick that the house-painters were given the job. And these slapped it on so loud with their very big brushes and big paint-pots that the artists were out of work again.

So Parable set aside the brush for the pen. He dabbled in ink, choosing chiefly art criticism, and wrote little books on great masters for the million; whilst a series of imaginary conversations he made between the ghosts of Hazlitt and Coleridge meeting at the old Pheasant Inn on the Salisbury road and roaming in the woods of Tudorley was thought to be a thing of genius. In it once again the voice of the marvellous Coleridge rose "like the steam of rich distilled perfumes". It was printed in an American magazine, because no English paper could afford to look at it. But a few—a very few—who cared about Coleridge said that if the theme was ghosts, the handling of it was that of a man who knew life and could imagine strangely.

Parable was told he should really cease wasting his art on little pictures—it was time he made his mark on a larger canvas. They urged him to choose the novel as his medium. But Parable shook his head. He had painted—and pawned—very small pictures so long now that he believed himself quite unable to make a long one. He thought himself to be a spado for long effort. Yet he would often, half in play, half in earnest, entertain the idea; it was a flattering guest whilst it stayed, but at first it only flitted now and then in and out of the studio at the back of his mind.

Had Parable kept his health it might have flitted away one day and never come back. But he had an illness which left him "a changed man". He had an influenza which left him like an open door; anything might have walked in. What actually did walk in, when Parable lay convalescent, was the long work. Somehow or other—he never knew more than that—Parable found himself deep in the novel which he never could have believed he would write—and a novel that must run into a hundred and eighty thousand words. He felt that to complete it he must, if needs be, pawn everything.

In painting his little pictures Parable had always had in mind the pawnbroker; now, painting this big one, he never waited to think of a publisher. All he could think of was his vision. Parable had much advice when it was known what he was at. The ill-speaking cynics said "Make it pay, man, whatever you do—write it

in the love of gold". The humbugs, well-meaning, said "Strive for nothing save excellence, aim at the highest—write it in the love of God".

As to the character of the novel: one said "Make it pathetic—give it the two-floor-back touch". A second said "Make it a roaring comedy, like one of the 'What?' books". A third friend wanted satire: he said "Run through it all a steel rod of irony—that will save your pathos from becoming bathos".

As to the theme, they nearly all impressed on Parable: "You must slate the canting British public and the drab middle-class; you must make a cock-shy of the plain man".

His true love said "Just write it as you think best".

Not knowing how he chose, Parable chose after all quite a commonplace theme. The story was called "The Last Day", and it was that of a husband who accepted the Apostolic Succession so vehemently that he got out of touch with the Sermon on the Mount, and of his wife who tried so ardently to practise the Sermon on the Mount that she was in danger of forgetting what the Apostolic Succession meant.

So Parable plunged deep in his work: so deep he could hardly tear himself away at times to make daily bread out of the great masters meant for the million.

He was constantly turning back to the chapters already written, and altering, improving, even re-building the whole of them. So that as he advanced with the work the day of completion seemed to be further off than ever. Parable, said his cynic friends, was writing his novel too much in the love of God.

Though printed in an American magazine, and read principally in Illinois, Parable's Coleridge and Hazlitt conversations had been talked about among some critics in England, and the news that he was writing a long novel got into the papers. The title was mentioned, and the paragraph announcing it was copied into American newspapers. Presently a possible date of publication was announced; but the date was years too soon. Other paragraphs appeared in literary corners saying that it was put off, and yet somehow the paragraph about "The Last Day" came to be a standing one. It reappeared from time to time till it grew to be a sort of tradition; many people ceased to believe in "The Last Day". The well-informed critics, the higher critics, could show it was not to be taken literally.

It may be that the novel never would have been completed, had not an extremely new firm of alleged American hustlers—Slammer and Brains—come on the scene. They had heard of Coleridge catching on in Chicago, and the wandering paragraph about "The Last Day" had taken their fancy. They wrote to Parable, offered to take up the book without troubling to see it, and promised a good sum down on account of a good royalty. Parable went to see Slammer and Brains, and found him a little man with gentle manners and a drooping eye. The agreement was reached at once: the alleged hustler did things in a large way; thirteen copies did not even count as twelve.

Then the paragraph which had struck on Slammer and Brains' imagination was systematised. It was sown and reaped in new fields. Now it announced, to Parable's amazement, that "The Last Day" was completed and would come out within the next month; and now that "The Last Day" was put off till next season, as the author had introduced an entirely fresh set of characters. One week it was stated that "The Last Day" was abandoned; a week later that it would appear after all. Slammer and Brains had the matter in hand for years; and in these years Parable, who had grown inured now to the paragraph which at first he loathed, went on putting off and super-refining "The Last Day".

A very good working arrangement, the humbugs and the cynics could both assure Parable—he was writing it in the love of God, whilst Slammer was paragraphing it in the love of gold.

And now at length it really was near the eve of the publishing of "The Last Day". Slammer and

Brains had done their part of the agreement as an alleged hustler can do it. They had taken care that "The Last Day" should not come suddenly as a thief at night. It was to come in the full blaze of publicity on a day announced by a thousand hoardings. The advertising business had been put into the hands of the prince of advertisers. There were to be allusions to it in the gag of the music halls, in the musical comedies, and part of one scene was to be cinematographed. Slammer held that if literature was to be advertised it should be advertised like linoleum, and the princely advertiser was the man to do it. The Buster laid a great final train of praise and was ready to fire it at the given moment.

But the impossible intervened. The missing relative died and left a million pounds. Nine-tenths went to charities and death duties, and the tenth to Parable. The fortune—piled up, it was said, by big operations in pig iron—had been made in America by an uncle whom Parable had never seen, a half-brother of his mother; slighted by her because he had emigrated and gone into trade and lost caste and written home now and then (till he was quite lost sight of) in the American language and in American handwriting. Just for a jest it seemed fated that this man, of all men, should read Parable's dialogues between Hazlitt and Coleridge, and having no other known relative on earth should have a fancy to leave him a fortune.

The news came to Parable after he had passed the last proof for press, after his book had left the machinist, when the binder's men were working overtime on it. In the night that followed these tidings Parable slept little. He lay awake with his fortune and his masterpiece. He had all his characters out as he had had them out on many a restless night before, and hoped and despaired over them; but more than ever before he saw all the weaknesses of his work. Especially he saw the defects of the very passages that were to bring him fame. He knew the artifice of what by the day after to-morrow people would be declaring so wonderfully true to nature. Above all he distrusted the thing he had aimed at during the best years of his life, the thing his friends assured him he had at last achieved—style. Style, what passes for style, he felt, is not the man at all. Parable had not lived with this frail one all these years without recognising that her face was compact of paint. How well he knew her in the false act of rouging! He knew too she was common to many who cared to accost and could afford to cultivate her.

So Parable tossed restless that night, depreciating and faltering over his masterpiece. But on the morrow he rose refreshed as a man sometimes does rise after an ill night. He once more reviewed his work, and then took a firm decision. He ran away.

Parable went round to Slammer and Brains and had a long and stormy interview, but in the end he prevailed over the little man with the drooping eye. The train was never fired. The final trump of "The Last Day" was never sounded, for the whole of the huge first and second editions was completely withdrawn from publication. Parable could afford it; a man can who has just come into a hundred thousand pounds.

Did his literary conscience tell him that the book, with all its erasures, emendations, was yet not what it should be? Did he feel he had not really achieved the height of excellence at which the humbugs, well-meaning, had urged him to aim? In his long, slow walk towards fame he had not walked direct—like Coleridge, he had constantly wavered, crossed from one side of the track to the other: every chapter changed, every erasure represented, did it not, one of these waverings and crossings over? And may not cowardice have followed hot-foot on the steps of conscience?—telling him, it seems likely, that there was now, with a fortune soon to be paid into his account, no longer the slightest need to add anything to the world of print which was not a true masterpiece.

Thus it was that Parable, a brave man and true enough when left to his own resource, came to run away when fortune forced on him a staff.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PUNISHMENT OF POLITICAL LIBELS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Temple, 8 February 1911.

SIR,—Your correspondent "B" is surely as light and irresponsible in accusing you in your article, "Libel and the Dock", of misconception and misapprehension as Mr. Justice Darling himself was when he made those remarks which you discuss. You have not misconceived what the judge said, as will appear from comparing his actual words and their rendering in the article. "B" gives them thus: "The judge merely said that he thought more frequent application might be made to the Attorney-General for leave to proceed by way of criminal prosecution, and that the customary restriction on granting leave might be, in certain cases, advantageously relaxed." Your statement is: "Mr. Justice Darling therefore wishes the criminal law to be applied more widely to 'these libels', meaning such political libels as that he had tried, and, it would seem, others indefinitely; perhaps always when the defendant cannot pay damages." The only possible discrepancy between "B's" version and this lies in the phrase "it would seem others indefinitely"; and the explanation is to be found in the very general character of Mr. Justice Darling's remarks. "B" appears not to have noticed that the words are very vague and open to a wide interpretation. They cannot be restricted to the very narrow meaning he gives them. If he will look at them again he may wonder whether the judge meant only political libels, or libels where the defendant cannot pay damages, or even all libels, political and others, without reference to ability to pay. When a judge's dicta are so indefinite it is easy to say they are misapprehended.

"B" thinks the law is, or should be, a substitute for the old law of duelling. Perhaps to some extent it is; but if "B" is a lawyer, and appreciates legal classification, he will find that in modern law libel figures more prominently as tort than as crime. There is no misconception of the law in holding, as is held in your article, that it is inexpedient and dangerous to urge the expansion of this criminal side at the expense of the civil. In arguing for the expansion "B" only sets his own opinion of expediency or policy against yours: he shows no misconception or misapprehension on your part of the law itself.

Somehow the alleged misconception is supposed to turn on Lord Campbell's Act. "B" informs you that you confuse the old law of prosecution in treason-felony and seditious libel, and do not realise what a difference Lord Campbell's Act has made. There is no confusion but what "B" himself makes. "B" says "prosecutions for treason-felony or seditious libel have long passed out of our Courts with the modern law of libel as amended by statutes, notably Lord Campbell's Act." Does this mean that Lord Campbell's Act has abolished these old forms of prosecution? If so, it certainly has not. Only last week, in the Mylius case, the Attorney-General pointed out that he had not laid the prosecution for seditious libel; implying that he might have done, but preferred to give the defendant the privilege of defending under Lord Campbell's Act. As to treason-felony, the crime still exists on the statute book, and the procedure under it would not be modified in the least by Lord Campbell's Act, which was in fact passed six years before the offence of treason-felony itself was created. If this were not as elementary as "B's" own remarks on the law of libel, I should suspect him of the terrible confusion that Lord Campbell's Act has superseded prosecutions for treason-felony and seditious libel.

But, giving him the benefit of the doubt, I assume he means that prosecutions, once for those offences, would now be for ordinary criminal libel, where Lord Campbell's Act can apply. Then there remains only the question whether, with the protection of Lord Campbell's Act, criminal prosecutions for libel ought to be extended.

Now what if there is a good defence under that Act when the defendant can prove truth and show public

interest in publication? The question is whether it is well to encourage prosecutions, though there is this defence, so that many actions for tort may become prosecutions for crimes. "B" thinks it is, and gives an example of the sort of thing he has in his mind. A "man of position" is supposed to be libelled by its being said of him that he only changes his linen once a fortnight, and eats nothing but scraps. "B" would have Sir Rufus Isaacs—since he is not Sir Vicary Gibbs—issue a fiat for a criminal prosecution. I dare venture to say that Sir Rufus Isaacs would not do it, if the "man of position" was foolish enough to apply to him. The case is too trivial. All its suggested importance turns on "the man of position". Suppose the accusation is true, yet it is so unimportant that there could be no defence of publishing it in the public interest. So the defendant must go to prison for making a trivial accusation that is true. Is not this "reductio ad absurdum"?

You, sir, do not say that in no case should there be prosecution. You discriminate; and you deprecate the extension of the criminal law to such a case as this. You limited desirable prosecutions to such instances as the recent one of Mylius, where accusations of serious moral or political delinquency are made. In such cases Lord Campbell's Act properly allows truth and public interest to be pleaded; and it has so far mitigated the rigour of the old law. But it has no relevancy to your view that there is danger in making crimes out of mere scurrilities, or the inferences of vulgar political controversy. The ordinary civil action for damages is here sufficient; often, indeed, too severe a penalty on the defendant.

"B" has not said a word then to show that you were under any misconception or misapprehension of the law of libel. He does, however, misconceive it if he supposes it is, or ought to be, in all respects analogous to duelling law. The code of duelling allowed a man to call out his opponent and kill him, if the luck went that way, whether he had been charged with committing all the sins of the decalogue, or only with not washing his hands sufficiently often. The law and the law officers are not so stupid as to have no more sense of "values" than this; and all the cases "B" quotes, where criminal prosecution for libel has been allowed, show it. I hope that neither the law nor the law officers will lose this sense of discrimination, which your article shares with them, for anything that Mr. Justice Darling has inconsiderately said.

I am,
Yours, etc.,
K.

THE LATE LORD ACTON AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hamilton, 30 January 1911.

SIR,—In one of his letters, the late Lord Acton expressed an estimate of the value of a second chamber which, at the present moment, specially deserves consideration as the opinion of a man whose constant aim was to cultivate intellectual detachment. He said:

"The more perfect the representative system, the more necessary is some other aid to stability. Six or seven such aids have been devised and we unite three of them in our House of Lords—primogeniture, Established Church, and an independent judiciary. Its note is constancy—the wish to carry into the future the things of the past, the capacity to keep aloof from the strife and aims of the present hour. As we have none of the other resources proper to unmixed governments—a real veto, a federation of States, or a Constitution above the Legislature—we must treasure the one security we possess. A single chamber has an immense preponderance of authority and experience against it. Mr. — would soon bring it under the control of instructions, that is, would convert it into a democratic engine, and the empire, I apprehend, would go to pieces."

I am yours etc.,
JAMES BELL.

NO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Madrid, 4 February 1911.

SIR,—Your article on Sir Charles Dilke, though both appreciative and compassionate, ends with a phrase against which I know you will allow me to protest.

"Sir Charles Dilke was one of them . . . the clever men who stumble in the mire, and, picking themselves up, run frantically on, with loud, pitiful cries."

Now, without stopping to argue whether Sir Charles Dilke stumbled in the mire, or whether he was artfully led into a sea of slush, I think few can say they ever heard him utter either a "loud" or a "pitiful" cry. No man ever complained less of fate.

It may be yet that the whole matter of his case may be cleared up, and that he really was just as much a victim as a sinner.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

"A PILL AGAINST EARTHQUAKES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bootle, 31 January 1911.

SIR,—The writer of a letter in your issue of 21 January seems to be in doubt as to the origin of the above phrase. The doubt may perhaps be removed by referring to Walpole's Letters (Grant's Edin. edit. 1906), Vol. II. p. 201, where in a footnote we read: "I remember," says Addison, in the 240th Tatler, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were 'very good against an earthquake'."

Yours etc.,

THOMAS DUNLOP.

THE PERSECUTION OF SPARROWS.

5 John Street, Bedford Row, London W.C.

30 January 1911.

SIR,—May I venture to disagree with the remarks contained in your issue of 21 January last criticising the indictment of the house sparrow in a recent number of the "Times"? At the outset I must agree heartily with your objection to the killing of sparrows and other small birds by children as exceedingly harmful to the latter, and very likely to produce a love of cruelty and to cause the destruction of many useful and beautiful birds.

What I disagree with, however, is your query (with its implied negative answer) as to whether every man who earns his living is to be free to destroy anything that hurts his trade, and the sequitur that, if he is, then kingfishers must be destroyed as harmful to fish and the golden eagle as injurious to game preservation.

Apparently you would place all birds destructive to the belongings of man in the same category, and would argue that if the sparrow is to be exterminated or reduced, then the kingfisher and the golden eagle must suffer likewise. It seems to me that this is an incorrect view, since very little organised persecution will exterminate either of the two latter birds, both of which by their beauty and comparative rarity atone to a very great extent for the damage done. In the case of the house sparrow there is room for an enormous reduction in numbers without the slightest danger of extermination.

You proceed to say that intelligent man has killed off the birds and beasts that kept down the sparrow, and that now the fool wonders why sparrows increase. No doubt the numbers of hawks and owls have been very seriously diminished by ignorant keepers and by that detestable class of maniac which seems to look upon every bird of prey as a subject for the taxidermist; but is not the true reason why birds of prey do not levy greater toll upon the sparrow that the latter bird is parasitical upon man? No one ever found sparrows breeding one half-mile from human habitation, and most birds of prey confine their operations to the open fields and large woods, where they certainly take numbers of the sparrows during the migration of the latter from city to cornfield in autumn, but where for the greater

part of the year hardly any sparrows at all frequent or breed. The sparrow is a true parasite, equally with *Mus domesticus*, and it is almost as absurd to expect our birds of prey to preserve the balance of nature and to restrict the increase of *Passer domesticus* as it would be to rely upon the weasel and its kindred to clear our houses of the mouse.

With regard to the damage done by sparrows, there is a consensus of opinion amongst agriculturists, gardeners, and an enormous majority of experienced naturalists, that the sparrow is a pest, and that the injury he works to crops of all sorts, and his habit of driving away useful insectivorous birds necessitate the taking of strong action. Anyone doubting this should read the reports published by the American equivalent of our Board of Agriculture or "The House Sparrow", by that very able and cautious naturalist Mr. Tegetmeier.

You characterise the remarks about sparrows expelling house-martins as "bosh". I very much doubt if you could find a single well-known ornithologist who will not tell you that, far from the suggestion being "bosh", the sparrow will often entirely prevent this very useful species from breeding, and that observers are of opinion that the nests of the house-martin are upon the decrease in many localities.

Again, you ask if every bird or beast that scores in nature's competition is to be wiped out. The obvious reply is that when any creature becomes parasitical and intensely destructive, and by its habits secures itself from almost all natural checks, steps must be taken to prevent what in reality is an abuse of Nature's laws.

It is very probable that if the house sparrow had lived a natural life away from the dwellings of man, he would not have increased to anything like his present extent.

Modern ideas no doubt do not altogether favour the survival of the fittest—witness our desire to keep alive diseased persons—but there is no reason to extend the same consideration to parasitical creatures which, having once usurped our protection and become almost immune from natural checks, proceed to abuse us in every possible manner.

There is a very great deal of truth in your concluding sentence that the sparrow will be present to chirp the funeral oration of his persecutors, and it is his rapidity of increase coupled with the practical difficulties encountered in all attempts to reduce his numbers, which call for strong efforts from those who suffer from him.

The whole question is an important one, and it comes rather as a shock to read remarks of the nature given in your very excellent Review.

Personally, I must plead guilty to a great affection for this bird, and, however inconsistent, should never take an active part in his destruction, but those who lose, in some cases many hundreds of pounds, through his depredations are entitled to be heard and to attract serious attention.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

RALPH A. HOLDEN.

[Whether the sparrow will thank our correspondent for his great affection we should doubt. It is an affection we should ourselves rather be without. His letter would have carried more conviction without that last paragraph. If the sparrow's sociable habits—the very thing which commends him to some humans—really did make him immune from attack, he would increase inordinately in London where he does not increase at all. The absence of birds of prey round a house is compensated by the presence of a cat or cats. Our correspondent's explanation of the birds increase we do not admit for a moment. Like most of the sparrow's enemies, he apparently cannot make up his mind whether the bird is to be harried because it is common or because it interferes with certain people's profits. If damage is the case against it, the kingfisher and eagle are from the grower and breeder's point of view, in the same condemnation. What satisfaction is it to the fish grower to be told that the kingfisher is beautiful and not very common? The harm he does is not less for that, and those who suffer do take of the eagle and kingfisher precisely the view our correspondent takes of the sparrow; and therein they are more consistent than he. The talk about house-martins and so forth is bosh in the sense that it is used to excuse indiscriminate slaughter of sparrows by those who care nothing for a house-martin or any other bird. Is our correspondent simple enough to suppose that

village sparrow clubs are really run to protect house-martins? The work of bird-protection is certainly not easy when those who ought to help it are in the opposite camp.—
ED. S. R.]

WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 January 1911.

SIR,—Is not your correspondent "Indian Army" making the old mistake of confusing "sportsmen" with "sporting men"? Surely the former term should be confined to men who take an active personal share in field sports, as distinct from mere games. Riding races or steeplechases, riding to hounds, shooting, fishing, yacht-sailing, etc., are all "sportsmen's" acts, whereas attending race-meetings, betting, watching football matches, etc., may fairly be considered those of the "sporting man".

Personally, I would not extend the name of "sportsman" to the players of any game, not even golf, cricket or football. Polo occupies an intermediate position, by reason of the horsemanship necessary beyond mere ball-whacking. Then there is motoring and aeroplaning. Some motorists claim to be "sportsmen" because they have learnt to steer a car! To such the title of "sporting man" might perhaps be extended, if only for the sporting risks they take of fine and imprisonment by habitually breaking the law.

Yours etc.,

GARRY.

EARLY WATER-COLOURS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 January 1911.

SIR,—In your issue of the 21st inst. I read in an article by that admirable critic, Mr. L. Binyon, a remark about the early water-colours at the Leicester Galleries, which he terms "an art of the holidays to refresh busy men". Surely if they accomplish this they should be welcome; and even if they do not portray "deep emotion or fervid conception" they record the vivid and earnest feeling of the artist for what he saw charmingly and poetically portrayed through the medium in which he worked. The modern water-colour artist too often strives to counterfeit a feeling which he has not but wishes to assume in order to belong to a certain school and play to the gallery. This, Sir, is the view of the man in the street.

Yours truly,

A READER OF YOUR REVIEW.

"VERITAS AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 January 1911.

SIR,—I desire to thank you very sincerely for the insertion of my letter in your issue of the 31st ult., and with your very kind permission I will reply to your correspondent who signs himself "Christian Scientist" in your issue of the 14th inst. Let me at once say that he has no right whatever to call himself a "Christian Scientist" when he is not a properly admitted member of their Church. He might just as well attend the services at a Roman Catholic Church and call himself a Roman Catholic, but the body would never own him as such, unless he was properly admitted into their fold. So many persons call themselves Christian Scientists, I notice also, who are the very last persons to put the principles of the cult into practice, and are also the first persons to call in a doctor should illness overtake them. I can quite see your correspondent is like a vast number who attend out of idle curiosity and novelty the services of the Christian Science Church, and reads its so-called literature because it makes all kinds of specious promises which it never fulfils; but I regret to see he is also very ignorant as to its real

teachings, character and motives. Let me first quote the exact words of a lady as to the movement which were recently set out in a public journal: "As one who has gone down into the very depths of Eddyism, who has studied it enthusiastically and joyfully (but paying a very considerable sum of money for the privilege) under a teacher who was personally instructed by Mrs. Eddy, whose eyes were at length quite suddenly opened to its true character, I deliberately denounce it as the greatest anti-Christ the world has ever seen, for it comes as an Angel of Light, with Love, Pity and Humility in its train, Mrs. Eddy, with downcast eyes, sweetly beseeching her students to follow her only as far as she follows Christ. The distance would be considerable. The healing, which of course is the great bait, is entirely effected by hypnotism". This, I trust, will soon be your correspondent's experience, as it has been that of thousands who have at last become awakened to the real character and danger of the teaching of this inhuman American mission. Your correspondent asks me to mention a "single case" in support of my true statement "in the awful sacrifice of human lives it has made by its teaching and practice lies its inevitable doom"; and I do so with the greatest pleasure. If he will take up and study the work of that eminent surgeon, Dr. Stephen Paget, entitled "The Faith and Works of Christian Science", published by Macmillan and Co., he will find seventy-nine authentic cases set out, all bearing out more or less my statement; and if he applies to Dr. Paget he will without doubt be pleased to show him the original reports or letters. Take case sixty-two as a typical example: "Boston is the hotbed of Christian Science, and we see a great many patients who are treated who practise it. I have seen a patient dying of strangulated hernia who had been treated from first to last by Christian Science. The patient was, as I say, moribund, and died shortly after my visit". Take case seventy-four, that of an ex-healer, and his testimony: "I must now tell you that there are innumerable cases of so-called cures; I have seen them, I have done them, and I know positively how they are done, and that is by hypnotism, which is used by the majority of practitioners". Take again the case reported in the "Daily Mail", of an inquest held at Urmston, Manchester, on the death of a Mr. W. Statham, where the coroner observed "It was a question of plucking pigeons, and that was the top and bottom of it". Lastly, we have the case reported in the "Daily Express" of a Colonel Alexander, a son of the third Earl Caledon, where a Dr. Spilsbury stated "I am of opinion that the absence of medical treatment accelerated death". I could go on quoting case after case, Sir, of a like character of valuable lives of men and women cruelly sacrificed by the terrible teaching and practice of this highly dangerous movement.

Finally, let me recommend your correspondent to study most earnestly "The Life of Mary Baker Eddy and the History of Christian Science", by Georgine Milmine, published by Hodder and Stoughton; also the late Mr. Podmore's able work on "Mesmerism and Christian Science"; and last, but not least, Mark Twain's work on the organisation, a most ruthless exposure of the imposture of the whole teaching of this dollar-making concern; and also a novel called "Christian Murderers", by Winifred Graham; then he and thousands of others will have their eyes opened indeed to the awful danger and character of the movement in our midst, which no really educated, self-respecting Christian man or woman could conscientiously support or uphold one single moment, and this because, as Dr. Paget so wisely and truly says, "To these works of the devil they bring one gift—wilful and complete ignorance—and their nursing would be a farce if it were not a tragedy".

Yours etc.,

VERITAS.

REVIEWS.

THE STATUS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

"Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon." By Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. London: Allen. 1910. 15s. net.

THE story of Madame de Maintenon would have been considered an improbable one if it had been invented by a novelist. Born in the prison of Niort, the daughter of a disreputable father, Françoise d'Aubigné passed her early days in poverty. At the age of seventeen she married the half-paralysed burlesque poet Paul Scarron, not because she loved him, but because "she preferred marriage to a convent". In spite, however, of the absurdity of his personal appearance and the coarseness of his jokes, Scarron was well known, and his wife Françoise, introduced to the larger world of society and of literature, attracted much attention by her beauty and her unfailing good temper and friendliness. The death of Scarron in 1660 left her a widow with a scant fortune and heavy debts. Through the influence of Marshal Villeroi she obtained a small pension from the Queen, and nine years later she was asked by Madame de Montespan, then mistress of the King, to be governess to her children. In this capacity she found fresh opportunity of showing her genius for helping others, and not only gained the lasting affection of her charges but attracted the notice of the "Grand Monarque", who in 1674 gave her money to buy the property of Maintenon, ten miles from the royal palace of Versailles. It is at this critical moment in her career that our evidence fails us. Madame de Maintenon herself destroyed her correspondence with the King, which alone could furnish us with a trustworthy guide, and many of her so-called letters were altered or invented by the first editor of her correspondence, La Beaumelle. But it would appear that the royal governess now began, with the assistance of Bossuet and of Bourdaloue, the two most powerful preachers of the day, to try to wean the King from his illicit amours. The struggle was a long one. At the Eastertide of 1675 Madame de Montespan retired into the country. In the following October she regained her ascendancy, and bore two more children to the King. The relations between the royal mistress and the governess were evidently strained. At times there were quarrels, yet twice Madame de Montespan took refuge at her house, once to give birth to Mademoiselle de Blois. The explanation of all this is to be found in the fickleness of the King. A rival had arisen in the person of the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Fontanges. Then came the scandal arising out of the trial of the sorceress La Voisin, January 1679, and the suspicion that Madame de Montespan had sought her aid to poison the new rival. La Voisin was condemned, but Louis stopped the proceedings against Madame de Montespan and arrested her accusers by "lettres de cachet". Nevertheless the King was now finally converted. Madame de Montespan was made Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, but Louis XIV. never saw her again alone. In April 1680 Mademoiselle de Fontanges was created a duchess and dismissed, to die neglected, after she had borne a child in 1681, at the age of twenty-two.

Rumour was meanwhile not unnaturally busy over the character of Madame de Maintenon. She spent, says Madame de Sévigné, every night from eight to ten closeted with the King, and courtiers maliciously called her "Madame de Maintenant". Her conduct had indeed been strange. We find her passing from one mistress to another, now sympathising, now giving counsel. She professes that she would have abandoned her hateful task had not her confessor told her it was the will of God that she should stay. Cynics will never cease sneering that ambition was her deity, that she was playing a deep game and preparing the way to step into their place. Madame de Montespan is said, though not on good authority, to have bitterly remarked: "The King has three mistresses. Me in name,

that girl [Fontanges] in fact, and you in his heart". Madame de Maintenon herself implies that the King was wishing to make her his mistress, and that she dismissed him "désespéré sans être rebuté". It is not improbable that she was beginning to realise what the end would be, and she would have been more than human if the dream did not give her satisfaction. Nevertheless it is pretty certain that she would only consent to become his wife and never his mistress. The Queen was yet alive and apparently in good health, and as long as she lived her efforts were directed to bringing husband and wife into closer harmony. When, three years later, July 1683, the Queen died, she declared that she owed the great change which had come over her husband to the influence of Madame de Maintenon. If indeed this was the event for which Madame de Maintenon was waiting, her patience was rewarded, for somewhere in the early part of 1684 the widow of the poet Scarron was secretly married at the age of forty-nine to Le Grand Monarque, who was three years her junior. From this date most historians have concurred in associating her with the errors in the foreign and home policy of the King. The support given to James II. of England, the recognition of the Pretender, the disastrous war of the Spanish succession; at home, the disgrace of Fénelon owing to his championship of the cause of Quietism, the suppression of Port Royal and the condemnation of Jansenist opinions, and finally the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—all are laid at her door. "She entrusted her conscience", says Dr. Dollinger, "to priests like Gobelin and Godet de Marais, both of whom were imbued with the idea . . . that the King was called by God to minister to the extension of the Church, and to convert heretics by all means of coercion which lie within the hand of an absolute monarch."

Yet her influence has probably been much exaggerated. The lines of Louis the Fourteenth's policy towards England and the Stuarts had been laid down long before she became his confidante. If we may believe the Marquis de Louville, she wished the offer of the crown of Spain to be declined, and in any case it is pretty certain that England and Holland would not have gone to war had Louis XIV. satisfied their commercial interests which were likely to be imperilled.

On the home and ecclesiastical policy her influence was at most an indirect one. She had no real interest in political affairs, and the letters which have been produced in evidence that she urged the King to revoke the Edict of Nantes have been tampered with. Nevertheless she encouraged the King to become more devout, and with Louis devotion meant bigotry. To one who believed, if he did not say, he "was the State" uniformity in religion was as necessary as the centralised unity of the State, and uniformity demanded not only that Protestantism should be extirpated but that Jansenism and Quietism and everything that led to variety should be suppressed. "The ardour of rising absolutism", says Lord Acton, "is the true cause of the revocation." But, apart from the care of his salvation, the work of "Votre Solidité", as Louis called her, was to save him from ennui and to comfort him in those dark days of the Spanish succession war when God and man seemed to conspire against France. Nor was the task an easy one. "Sometimes he sheds tears which he cannot control. Presently a Minister comes bringing bad news. If my presence is required I am called; if not, I retire into some corner and pray. Sometimes I hear that all is going wrong; then my heart beats and I cannot sleep at nights." Meanwhile she is troubled with the futility of her life. "Do you not perceive that I am dying of melancholy in a station so fortunate one can scarcely conceive a higher? I have been young and pretty; I have tasted the sweets of pleasure; I have been loved everywhere; at a more advanced age I have spent years in the society of clever people; I have reached honours, and I can assure you that all those states have left behind them but frightful emptiness, anxiety and fatigue." Her ardent desire is now for rest and peace away from the world in her beloved convent of S. Cyr, where she had established

a school for the daughters of the poorer nobility. Here the childless Queen was able to satisfy that love for young people which she had shown as governess to those of another, and here she finally took refuge when the death of her husband freed her from the necessity of living at Court.

The character of Madame de Maintenon is still something of an enigma. Later researches have dispersed the calumnies which were cast upon her by the jealous and vindictive Elizabeth Charlotte, second wife of Monsieur, by the conceited and fault-finding Saint-Simon, and by that strange editor of her correspondence La Beaumelle, who, from a mere desire to make a stir, tampered with some of her letters and forged others.

But though critics like MM. Geffroy and Lavallée have restored to us her authentic correspondence, they have not unfortunately been able to discover many of her letters to Madame de Montespan nor those to the King which are necessary to a full understanding of her conduct at the most critical moments. Nor have we found much help in Lady Blennerhassett's book. It is not, however, her fault that she has nothing new to tell us; and although, in our opinion, too many names and too many events, not all of them directly bearing upon her subject, are crowded into her pages, here is as far as we know the first complete history of Madame de Maintenon in English. To our mind Sainte-Beuve is right when he says that the two prevailing traits in the character of Madame de Maintenon were a desire to be well thought of, to be liked by all, and a precise piety which came perhaps of her Huguenot blood. The first of these was naturally the stronger in her early days when she was poor and unknown; and in pursuing her desire she was assisted by her genuine good nature, the evenness of her temper and the charm of her person and her conversation. As her position became established, and as the conviction grew upon her that it was her duty to lead the King into better ways, her piety became more scrupulous and exacting, till to many she became "*ennuyeuse par dévotion*". Meanwhile she came to disregard the world's repute, and was willing to live as if she were the royal mistress, not the wife.

But while, as she says herself, "she wished to be thought well of by all, and that Honour was her idol", it is doubtful whether her affection for man or woman ever went beyond the bounds of friendliness. In early days someone said that she was "*trop gauche pour l'amour*". Scarron she certainly never loved. In later life she declared that "she never wished to be loved by any particular person"; and it is doubtful whether her royal husband himself ever inspired more than a sentiment of gratitude for his favours and admiration for his talents. Nay, at times she speaks of her devotion to him as a sort of martyrdom—a martyrdom which, she hastens to say, is only the just compensation for the good fortune which has been given her by God.

AN IDEAL TRAVEL BOOK.

"Amurath to Amurath." By Gertrude Lowthian Bell.
London: Heinemann. 1911. 16s. net.

MISS BELL has by the will of God been permitted to save me a mountain of trouble." We think this will be the comment of the pious Moslem historian some two hundred years hence, when he is engaged in writing the third chapter of the Constitutional History of Turkey in Asia. We will give our reasons presently; first let us disburden ourselves of the lumber of reviewing.

"Amurath to Amurath" contains three hundred and fifty-seven pages of good English and two hundred and fifty-two illustrations, every one of which is necessary to the text, each one of which is either beautiful or useful. We may say, therefore, that this book, no matter what its subject, would in ordinary times grace the tables of country houses with distinction and improve the aspect of any gentleman's bookshelf. Therefore let it be assumed that we have here a good, well-written book of travel with a handsome exterior. There are

many such books, the mass are wearisome beyond description; this is not tedious. The bulk are superficial to a degree; this is the reverse. A great many are bigoted and prejudiced; this is almost too judicial. Some are learnedly dull; this is instructively entertaining.

Therefore, excepting Lady Anne Blunt, who wrote the most delightful book concerning any part of Turkey in Asia, and Sir John Mandeville, who wrote the next best, Miss Bell's latest work stands at the top of the class.

Miss Bell knows Turkey in Asia very well and as much of the Moslem's character as it is possible for an Englishwoman to know (that is to say nine-tenths). There is another one-tenth which only those know who know too much, and people who know too much about the East do not as a rule return to Europe, and certainly never write books.

If Miss Bell had only written a good book of travel she would have done something that very few people have done; but she has done more than this, she has penned a priceless historical document. That one who was impartial, courageous and learned had the opportunity of riding at leisure from one end of the Ottoman Empire to the other and back in the year 1909 is a thing to be thankful for; that the traveller could give a lucid account of what she saw and heard is a crowning mercy.

Miss Bell rode from Aleppo to Tell Ahmar, passed the Euphrates and rode south down the eastern bank for three hundred and fifty miles, recrossed, rode one hundred and fifty into the Shamiyeh and then doubled back upon Bagdad through Museyib and Babil. To our knowledge there is not one yard of this road (with the exception of the short stretch between Anah and Hit) which cannot be considered as dangerous in times of peace. The author was as well acquainted as we are with the perils of the way, and yet she undertook it at a moment when the empire was in revolution and the "Dowla" (Government) was at a greater discount than is usual in the desert.

From Bagdad the traveller struck north to Mosul, following the western bank of the Tigris, explored the eastern district of Zakho, recrossed the Tigris, passing through the wild district of the Tur Abdin to Diarbekir, and rode thence to Konia by way of Kharput, Malatia and Kaiseriyyeh.

The second portion of the journey was no less extraordinary than the first, for to lawlessness and general confusion the risks of fever and country sickness must be added. We will not pick the eyes out of this book by quotations; the thread, being consecutive and even, can only be appreciated by deliberate study. The Bedawin's song of the motor, the Commandant of Baghdad's three reasons for not allowing the author to view the last of the Abbassid buildings, the murder of Shaykh Sayyid of Mosul, the sayings of Fattseh, are each among the good things that await the student. The historic, architectural and archaeological notes are of serious importance.

We regret that Miss Bell did not visit Kelat el Nejm, Rowanduz and Bozikan, for she would have added to our delight and her own. If we may venture one suggestion, when Miss Bell sets forth the next time she should spend three weeks in the district of Motikan and another fortnight in the Dersim mountains.

Miss Bell's next book should be written in two parts, the one giving her account of the present condition of the people, the other devoted to the record of her observations and discoveries of monuments and historical sites.

THE COUNTY OF MANY CHURCHES.

"County Churches: Norfolk." By J. Charles Cox.
London: Allen. 1910. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each.

IT is not easy to forgive an inaccurate guide to the churches of Norfolk. With the great Blomefield, and the more humble White and Kelly, there is little excuse for a compiler to go wrong, least of all for a compiler who, like Dr. Cox, has a considerable

knowledge of his subject, and has already written an excellent account of the county's 124 religious houses in the "Victoria History". Perhaps he has tried to get too much into too small a space—you cannot describe every church in the county of many churches in two minute volumes. But if a series of compressed and abbreviated notes is to be published, let it at least be accurate. An inaccurate guide-book is worse than none at all. We do not wish to be hard on the author; but, making every allowance for his absence when the book was passing through the press, it is impossible to ignore the many mis-spelt names, the curious inaccuracies, historical and archaeological, and the haphazard way in which one church receives longer or shorter notice than another.

In the first forty pages the names of forty places are mis-spelt. Even if long lists of errata correct them, you cannot always be referring in a guide-book to back pages, and, in addition to the corrected mistakes, there are many others to which no attention is drawn. What can a Norfolk man think of "Billockly", "Bukenhams", and "Besingham", or of the well-known villages of Creak appearing under two aliases? Banningham, between Aylsham and Cromer, is not mentioned at all. There are no less than four Beestons in the county, but in certainly one place no distinction is drawn between them. These verbal mistakes are not the most serious. The book is free from neither bad history nor bad archaeology. To take an example of the former. It is well known that weaving was the county's staple industry and the source of its great wealth. Not even the appalling visitation of the Black Death could destroy it, for under changed conditions and with new materials it continued to expand throughout the fifteenth century, as nine churches out of every ten bear witness. What, then, does Dr. Cox mean by saying in the introduction that the worsted "industry did not culminate until the thirteenth century was well advanced"? Of careless archaeology a single example will suffice. Sidestrand is a well-known village in a district that a Daily Telegraph journalist was pleased to call Poppyland. The cliffs there are particularly high, the land springs frequent and the tide strong. What wonder, then, that the North Sea takes two yards a year from the village boundary? Thirty years ago this coast erosion made the parish church dangerous. The lord of the manor, therefore, moved it stone by stone to a less perilous position, moved it all except the tower which still stands on the very edge of the crumbling cliff. "A wise discretion", says Dr. Cox, following in the steps of Mr. Clement Scott, "was exercised when the removal took place in not attempting to shift the round Norman tower". This fiction has appeared so often, and been so often contradicted, that surely Dr. Cox might know that the tower was left, not because it is an example of Norman architecture, but because it was an ill-proportioned and jerry-built erection put together by the local builder for £45 in 1848.

There are other errors due, it would seem, to want of the latest information. Cley is no longer in a ruinous condition. Eccles, after gallantly holding out for many centuries, has been engulfed. S. Swithin's, in Norwich, has been beautifully restored.

All these mistakes, and we could add to them, we have mentioned in no captious spirit. Our affection for the churches of Norfolk makes us welcome any new book to do them honour. Further, there is real need of a new book for this reason. During the last twenty years many of them have undergone a veritable transformation. We well remember the state of things, even as late as the 'eighties and 'nineties—the crumbling ruins and dirty buildings, the churches where congregated bats, not parishioners, where the services were as few as they were dismal, and the poor incumbents as desolate as their villages. Think of Cromer in its pre-chancel days, or "the bones of desolation's nakedness" in Cawston and Sall and Cley and Ranworth. The last twenty years have seen a great change, and a great change for the better. That Norfolk churches have suffered ravages from what White in

the 'forties called "judicious repairs" we are well aware—there is a terribly long tale of screens removed, frescoes whitewashed, stalls and benches destroyed. Nor can we deny that some crimes are still being committed in the name of restoration. But on the whole the work is now being done with real sympathy and historical and artistic care. It is certainly to its credit that a county, severely hit by agricultural depression and "shattered", as Wesley said, "by religious divisions", should have spent such large sums on church restoration, especially when it is remembered that the largest churches, where most needs to be done, are often in the smallest and poorest parishes. Only a year ago one of the less known, but not least interesting, churches of Norwich was on the point of desecration, when an anonymous benefactor, a stranger to the parish, undertook to restore it to its mediæval beauty at a cost of several thousand pounds. It was of such stuff that the great church builders of the Middle Ages were made.

There has been another movement in progress, or, more accurately, an even more important phase of the same movement. The advance has not stopped at the walls. In spite of many hindrances, it is penetrating to the sanctuary. The great size of the diocese—it includes nearly 1000 parishes; its miserable stipends—there is a not unimportant "living" near where we write of £20 a year; its bias towards dissent—true to its later history, it is still the centre of political Nonconformity: all these are real hindrances in the way of progress. Yet progress is being made. Churches are open that lately were shut, there are now daily Mattins in many parishes, and daily celebrations in not a few where none had dreamed of them a few years ago; the observance of Ascension Day is becoming universal, the number of the unbaptised and the unconfirmed is being steadily reduced. When the credit for this change is meted out, not a little will go to Bishop Sheepshanks for his care and discrimination in finding good parish priests. Even now there is much ground to be made up. The little we can do looks very poor beside the noble work of the past. Go into S. Peter Mancroft, in Norwich, look at its east window or the remnant of its treasure; stand before the screen at Ranworth; think over the former magnificence of Binham or Sall; visit the great churches of the west, the Walpoles and the Terringtons, and you cannot but be amazed at the wealth of the county and at the greatness of the men who lived in it. And what did they do it for? For the congregations that wished to come to church? All churches, and often the finest churches—San Paolo fuori le Mura, for instance—are not built for congregations. For the honour of a rich community or for an ostentatious confraternity, or to go one better than the next parish? All this, no doubt, entered into their work; yet without something more the churches of Norfolk could not be what they are. Nisi Dominus frustra. Though the villages are deserted, the religious houses in ruins, and the old families extinct, the great churches stand there the more magnificent in their isolation ad maiorem Dei gloriam.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HIMALAYA.

"Twenty Years in the Himalaya." By Major the Hon. C. G. Bruce. London: Arnold. 1910. 16s. net.

MAJOR BRUCE'S wanderings cover a period of nineteen years, and as they are only now offered to the public they are naturally unconnected and out of date. The narrative relating to Chitral, for instance, refers to a period anterior to the famous siege, of which Sir George Robertson, the officer in charge of the expedition, has written a well-known account. Some inconvenience attaches to this method of dealing with tours, for the most part of an official character, as the subjects of which the author writes have sometimes been dealt with by others before his work saw the light.

Major Bruce has evidently a profound admiration for the merits of the Goorkhas (he is an officer of the 5th Goorkha Rifles), and he and Mrs. Bruce, who adds an interesting chapter on camp life, show a natural and proper appreciation of the cheery character of these mountaineers, their patience under trials, and the many qualities which make the British soldier love them as they do no other Oriental comrades in arms.

The author often took his share in carrying loads with his men, shouldered their rifles in an emergency, and on occasion would lend a hand when necessary in rubbing a frostbitten Sikh soldier for an hour or more with soft snow until he succeeded in restoring the circulation. It is quite evident that both he and Mrs. Bruce, and it is a rarer virtue in an Englishwoman, were much attached to their native friends and companions upon their mountain marches. It is therefore to be regretted that the author should in the course of a little light-hearted and careless writing say anything of which those, who are ever on the look-out to disparage and misrepresent their fellow countrymen in the East, might make capital. For instance, he writes of a big active hillman who offered him a very dirty raw onion as a cure for mountain sickness, whereupon "he beat him on the nose". And, again, he talks of "keeping a Balti load-bearer in the track by bearing on him with the point of an ice-axe, which should not be applied but very gently".

It is evident from the whole tone of the author's writings that this is merely picturesque description or Eastern hyperbole, but the Mackarnesses, the O'Grady's, the Cottons, the Rutherfords and Radical M.P.s in general who, as Major Bruce says, "cannot take in what they see in a six-weeks' tour, though they have the audacity to write books", may make a great deal of what they would describe as damaging admissions by a brutal British officer. As a matter of fact, Major Bruce shows a kindly spirit of sympathy with the natives of India in all he writes, and he shrewdly remarks that isolation such as that of Nepal is a distinct factor in the happiness of the people, because it keeps them removed from modern influences. Elsewhere he says of the Kaffirs of the Chitral, whom he twice visited at long intervals, that he is doubtful whether they are not forgetting that a very few years ago they used to be sold into slavery by their old rulers. "Security", he truly says, "often brings with it forgetfulness".

Another unguarded description is that of the Punjaubi plains as "deadly". No doubt he means desperately hot in comparison with the climate of the Kangra Valley, but he must beware of the wrath of the Punjaubi officer, who has just been described by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as a servant of "the worst Government in India".

The atmosphere in which the petty rulers of the Himalaya dwell is well illustrated by the answer of one of them when asked why he did not visit Cashmere and India. "Great kings", said he, "like Alexander, Cyrus and myself, never leave their dominions".

Major and Mrs. Bruce had to rough it in the Himalaya and often got nothing to eat but goat and what he was himself able to bag. Shooting in the Chilas district twenty years ago was the more exciting in that the sportsman was frequently followed by someone who wished to pot him, and on one occasion a friend of the author, Captain Trevor, found when stalking ibex that two Chilasi sportsmen were stalking him, and by a cunning strategic movement managed to bag one of the said stalkers and brought him uninjured into camp.

The map which is annexed, though good from an orographical point of view, does not enable the reader to follow Major Bruce's narrative, as only some of the places mentioned are marked thereon.

Readers will rise from a perusal of this book with a conviction that the hillmen are on the whole very good fellows, and that Major and Mrs. Bruce were on thoroughly good terms with them and appreciated their many merits.

CHRONICLES OF THE NEEDY.

"The Good Old Times." By F. W. Hackwood. London: Unwin. 1910. 10s. 6d.

MR. HACKWOOD'S book is not history, so he covers his retreat by frankly admitting a preference for the "striking and picturesque". He gives us sentiment and tradition, stories old and stories new, and wisely, very wisely for the picturesque writer, generalises. At times, however, pen outruns discretion, and we are asked to accept as facts stories neither new nor true. Still the medley of fact and fiction is readable enough and well set out. The book begins—as every book written by "a friend of the people" should—with Norman days and wicked feudalism. Sentimental authors should beware of this period, for one of our most brilliant historical critics has made it his own, and his snort of contempt may well be imagined when, for instance, he reads that fines on marriage are evidence of brutal treatment of the poor by their feudal lords. Is it necessary to-day to remind a writer even of picturesque history that fines on marriage were in the nature of feudal rent for land payable by rich and poor alike, just as to-day the State exacts conveyance stamps and death duties? Even poor Lady Godiva—it must be she—is dragged in to prove the wickedness of the feudal baron; and, writes our author, with eyes upturned, if thus to his lawful wife, what of his poor dependants? The *jus primæ noctis* could not be left out—it is so useful a text for the modern moralist preaching of ancient and immoral days—yet most historians have grave doubts whether this shadowy right was ever exercised, at any rate by force.

It is futile to judge the past by modern standards of comfort and sanitation. The poor of feudal days probably were malodorous and very dirty, but not more so than many of our modern slum-dwellers who, in spite of unlimited municipal water and cheap soap, are non-washers by custom and choice. In old times plague and pestilence killed off the weaklings and kept the race virile, at least so our many successful wars would seem to show. Nowadays false sentiment allows the lunatic to beget children and gabbles about militarism.

There is much more of interest in the well-told stories of scurvy knaves, lusty beggars, charity children and almshouses. We learn how hospitals came to be built, schools endowed, and the aged poor provided for; and, in spite of mutterings to the contrary, shall come to the conclusion that the well-off on the whole did their duty by their poorer neighbours. The social work of the Church is carefully reviewed, and the break-up of its charity system by the dissolution of the monasteries well described. The failure of the Government to stem the tide of vagrancy and poverty in Tudor and Stuart days is put down to the harshness of their preventive laws. The truth is they were experimenting, blindly perhaps, but honestly, and if they failed, can we, even with centuries of experience to profit by, boast of any final solution? After years of repressive legislation failure was tardily admitted, sentiment became the fashion, and quickly the bulk of the poor became idle pensioners on those of their fellows still struggling with adversity. Suddenly statesmen discovered that there were two kinds of poor—willing workers and open shirkers. We are only just beginning to realise that for people who refuse to work we shall be compelled to revert to the repressive method, and if our ways are not exactly mediæval in practice, yet history is once again repeating itself.

Nothing could have been more brutal than the way prisoners of even the eighteenth century were put upon. The bare facts are well told in these pages, and the author's readers will probably agree with him that not the least to be pitied were the unfortunate debtors of the Fleet, whose wretched lot has been so graphically described by Dickens in his "Pickwick Papers".

Mr. Hackwood keeps his most cutting lash for the modern English rustic, whose unmentioned sins are, we suspect, some trust in his neighbours and a pre-

"Letters of English Seamen." By E. Hallam Moorhouse. London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

This anthology falls naturally into four parts to correspond with the four chief epochs in British naval history. First, there are the letters of Drake and Hawkins—the period of the Armada. Second, there are the letters of Blake and his contemporaries—the period of the Dutch wars. Third, there is the period of Vernon, Hawke, and Rodney. Last, the period of Nelson. Practically all these letters are of ships and the sea; but there are letters of Nelson which stray from the sea, and are of more value for a personal study of the Admiral than to those interested in his battles and the disposition of his fleet. All these letters are interesting. The editor has been at some pains in the selection, admitting to his collection only the letters which explain themselves and are not required to carry a heavy burden of explanatory notes. The periods are connected by "preludes", which put the general reader at his ease among the facts and references.

"William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. London: Nutt. 1910. 22s.

William Hunnis was master of the children of the Chapel Royal at the time when Shakespeare was writing his plays. Mrs. Stopes has written an extremely interesting monograph on a worthy little known except to students of Elizabethan history and literature. Hunnis' career as teacher of the Royal choristers brings his story to the centre of all that interests us in the Court of Elizabeth—especially the side of Court life which so nearly concerns Shakespeare and his work. Hunnis was a great organiser of revels, author of many plays that have all unfortunately been lost. Most of what Mrs. Stopes tells her readers is, save to the specialist, new. Her research is genuine; this is not a compilation on the fruit of another's work. Her facts, too, are presented clearly and in order—without flourish or parade of learning. Here is a book of value to the scholar and of extreme interest to the general reader.

"Chantrey Land." By Harold Armitage. London: Sampson Low. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

Chantrey Land is the North Derbyshire village of Norton and its environs, where Chantrey the sculptor was born and is buried and where his family had lived for generations as yeomen. It was in Sheffield, too, where he was apprenticed, at first to a grocer, and began his first humble self-taught efforts in drawing and sculpture. Of Norton itself, Joseph Hunter, the author of "A History of Hallamshire", a classic book to all Yorkshiremen, wrote "A more agreeable subject for the topographer than the parish of Norton can hardly be found." There is the beauty of the scenery of one of the most beautiful parts of England, the country round dreadful Sheffield; there are the antiquities of church and hall, and the histories of great families who no longer are remembered but have left records in the place-names, or who are still rooted in the soil; there are old customs, old beliefs and legends of a people second to none in England for interest of character and dialect. It is indeed a district rich in everything which can inspire the love and the pride of local patriotism; and Mr. Armitage has added one more entirely worthy book to the many admirable books which Yorkshire owes to the affection of Yorkshiremen for their county and their pride in it and belief in themselves as the most characteristic of Englishmen and Yorkshire as the greatest of counties. All this is in Mr. Armitage's book and makes it alive with the sentiment of humanity and locality in association. The full savour of such a book is only for the county man, and every county ought to have an author like Mr. Armitage, and every such author an illustrator like Mr. Charles Ashmore, whose eighty-three drawings with other illustrations will preserve for coming generations choice bits of scenery and of buildings which before long may have passed away. How one would like to stop the desolation which towns like Sheffield and Rotherham have already wrought in one of the finest river-valleys in England and which is now steadily advancing on places described by Mr. Armitage. "Chantrey Land" will be treasured for its memories when its descriptions can no more be recognised.

"The Beaux and the Dandies." By Clare Jerrold. London: Stanley Paul. 1910. 16s. net.

This is a melancholy book unless one thinks there are no more values in life or literature, and that saint, sinner, or friable are equally worth, or possibly not worth, writing and reading about. Nearly four hundred pages describing the careers of an innumerable company of Englishmen, of rank or of wealth, or both, who were either born fools or applied their abilities only to folly and vice, are not really amusing, except to a cynic or a person intellectually frivolous; not even if the book, as this is, should be dis-

creetly written, be well got up, and have many good illustrations. The beaux and dandies have been utilised by historians or novelists to emphasise a corrupt period, or for serious literary purposes. Nor are crime and notorious criminals to be ignored. But there must be perspective. A book like this is only an interminable and disconnected narrative of facts of folly or vice, and it palls fairly soon if one's taste is not itself vitiated. It might even be dangerous, if its price did not make it unlikely to fall into the hands of anarchists or socialists; there is so much about wasted wealth and fantastic luxury. The book is melancholy, too, because almost all the lives of the beaux ended in misery of mind, body, or estate. Their wit, also, with few exceptions, is as dead as they are themselves. This compilation should surely be the last of its kind, it is so complete. Nothing more can be left to be collected for the idle reader from De Grammont, Gronow's Reminiscences, and the lives of Nash, Brummell, and D'Orsay.

THE FEBRUARY REVIEWS.

How far is a democratic form of government suited to the right conduct of imperial and foreign policy? The old problem is taken up this month by Lord Morley in the "Nineteenth Century", and by Mr. Swift MacNeill in the "Fortnightly". Lord Morley deals with India, concerning himself mainly with the question how far ultimate authority should rest with the Governor-General, or with the Secretary of State for India, and through him with the House of Commons. On the main question he is decisive: "The Cabinet, through a Secretary of State, have an inexpugnable right, subject to law, to dictate policy, to initiate instructions, to reject proposals, to have the last word in every question that arises, and the first word in every question that in their view ought to arise." Lord Morley allows that the Indian people considers itself subject to the Viceroy as the representative of the King, not as the emissary of Parliament; and he agrees with Lord Curzon that the Viceroy should not be "the mere puppet and mouthpiece of the Home Government"; but he insists on the Viceroy's constitutional position as being "subject to such orders and regulations as he shall from time to time receive through one of our Principal Secretaries of State". The tone and balance of Lord Morley's article insist too strongly on the control of Indian affairs from Westminster. Lord Morley is, in fact, setting out to justify his own practice. Mr. Swift MacNeill in the "Fortnightly Review" is dealing with much the same problem. He points out very clearly how tradition is all against Parliamentary interference with foreign policy. Our most recent treaties of importance—the Japanese treaty of 1905, and the Russian treaty as to Persia—were signed after Parliament had risen, to avoid discussion and criticism in the House of Commons. Mr. MacNeill thinks that if the British constitution should ever be based upon a written instrument, foreign policy will be placed more under the control of Parliament than it has been.

There is less in the reviews on the political situation this month than last. There is some heavy grumbling in the "National" about the folly of the Unionist leaders and the lack of organisation in the Unionist party. The most striking political article of the month is contributed by Mr. Baumann to the "Fortnightly". Mr. Baumann is a better critic than party man. What he says of Unionist policy is well and forcibly said; but it is the kind of criticism that is better spoken privately than in public. The House of Lords, he thinks, have blundered in setting out to reform themselves. They have given their case away, and no longer have any ground for rejecting the Parliament Bill. If they do reject the Bill, "let no man be deluded by the fancy that the creation of 500 peers will cast odium and ridicule upon the Government. The voters after two elections will, I believe, take quite a different view of it. Odium and ridicule there will be, but they will fall on the old, not on the new Peers". As to the Referendum and the abandonment of the property vote, Mr. Baumann says there is no explanation discoverable except the condition of pure drift into which Unionist policy has fallen. This is a gloomy view, and one readily seized for its own purposes by the Radical press.

The alien question, à propos of the Sidney Street affray, is this month more generously treated than any other subject. In the "Nineteenth Century", Sir William Evans Gordon writes of Radical policy with regard to the alien—how the Bills of 1904 and 1905 were obstructed as Unionist measures, and how the Aliens Act was emasculated by the Radical Government on its accession to power. Sir William does not think undesirable aliens can be wholly excluded from our ports; and he urges registration as practised in Germany. Sir Robert Anderson, also in the "Nineteenth Century", condemns the Aliens Act as utterly insufficient. He holds that to keep out the criminal is a different problem

(Continued on p. 186)

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entirely from the economic problem of keeping out the unfit. It is, in fact, "easier to deal with the criminal aliens who arrive in Channel steamers than with the paupers who land as steerage passengers". Sir Robert does not think that the police should carry arms; rather the criminals should be disarmed. To carry a revolver without a license should be made a criminal offence. "G", in the "Fortnightly", looks at the anarchist problem from another point of view, finding the reason of its development in the freedom given to anarchist propaganda. He advocates a criminal anarchy law such as that which prevails in New York. In "Blackwood's Magazine", Mr. Churchill's performance in Sidney Street—with other holiday doings of Radical ministers—are brightly discussed by the writer of "Musings without Method".

Of political articles more academic in tone and treatment is one by M. Yves Guyot in the "Contemporary", "The Referendum and the Plebiscite", and one in the "Nineteenth Century" by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, "The Machinery of Constitutional Amendment". M. Guyot deals with the Referendum in Switzerland and the Plebiscite in France; while Mr. Marriott points to the peculiarity of our constitution in not distinguishing between "constitutional" and "ordinary" laws. Every well-made constitution makes this distinction, guarding strictly against constitutional change until the demand is overwhelmingly great. Mr. Marriott deals with the safeguards that exist in other countries, and contrasts the position now obtaining in England, where "a fortuitous combination of factions" threatens an assault upon our constitution, and where there is no provision in our constitution to meet it.

On "Home Rule" there is an article in the "National Review" by Mr. William Moore, pointing out very clearly what Home Rule will mean for Ulster, and how Ulster intends to meet it. In the "Nineteenth Century", Mr. Henry A. Blake suggests a solution of the problem. "I see no reason why Irish business should not be sent to a Committee of Irish members of Parliament and the twenty-eight Irish elected Peers, sitting together in Dublin during the recess and reporting to Parliament on its reassembling. Such a Joint Committee would make a fair balance of parties, especially when the inevitable redistribution measure becomes law, and we should have the substance of Irish consideration of Irish measures, instead of straining after the shadow of an autonomy that England can never afford to grant except in such a form as would ere long be bitterly resented as Dead Sea fruit." But would this satisfy Mr. Redmond?

British military and naval questions, and their relation to international affairs, are dealt with in the "Nineteenth Century" by Colonel Lonsdale Hale, in the "National" by Earl Percy, and in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. Archibald Hurd. Colonel Hale attacks Sir Ian Hamilton's book on "Compulsory Service". Some of Sir Ian's views he regards as astounding, and the whole book is "disappointing", especially to those whom Mr. Haldane says it is intended to supply with materials for forming a judgment. Earl Percy, taking his stand on the elementary ground that the army of any well-regulated modern State exists to deal with whatever strategical situation may arise on the outbreak of hostilities, shows that our present military arrangements cannot pretend to be based on any principle of strategy or any true requirement of war. Even in regard to numbers, he says, the Territorial Force is 40,000 short of its nominal strength. Mr. Hurd refuses to consider the "unprecedented magnitude" of the forthcoming Navy Estimates as in any way a menace to peace. In the material support which the Colonies are prepared to give to Imperial defence he discovers reason to believe that further progress will be made in the next few years in "this supreme work of buttressing the cause of peace". "The millennium has not come; it has not dawned. But by alliances, 'ententes', understandings, and arbitration agreements, the area of possible war is being circumscribed on the only possible basis at present feasible—the maintenance by the several democratic Powers of armaments adequate to defend the peace." What Mr. W. T. Stead will say to that, we may gather from his article in the "Contemporary" on "England's Lost Leadership of Peace". Mr. Stead follows in the wake of Mr. Taft and Mr. Carnegie, and urges that we should always arbitrate before we fight. The United States, he says, has taken the lead out of our hands, and he foreshadows the dreadful possibility that if we do not hurry up we may find France, even Argentina or Brazil in front of us as leaders in the great movement towards a world's peace. Professor Delbrück, also in the "Contemporary", is much more reasonable, if not wholly convincing; in his appeal to the English people to try to understand the motives which induce Germany to strain every nerve in order to secure a navy adequate to her needs. "So soon as Germany perceives that the other Powers are no longer making it their object to exclude her from the politics of the world, she will have attained the purpose of her ship-building; and she will rejoice to be rid of the necessity of increasing her burden." Herr Delbrück is anxious for an Anglo-German

understanding as to Colonial policy and the Turkish Orient.

Of literary articles this week, there is in the "Contemporary Review" a criticism of Lord Rosebery's "Chatham", written with knowledge and distinction by Mr. Harold W. Temperley. To the "Nineteenth Century", Mr. Lewis Melville has contributed an unpublished correspondence between William Cobbett and Queen Caroline. Cobbett advised the Queen in private as well as being her defender in public. The letters extend over the months June to December 1820. Mr. Marriott Watson writes a provocative article in the "National Review" on "The Native English Drama", pleading for a return to the Shakespearian discursive drama of twenty odd scenes, as against the French manner adopted under the Restoration. Mr. Edgar Dugdale writes in an intimate and living way of Mr. S. H. Butcher.

In the "English Review" Mr. Conrad continues his "Under Western Eyes". Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist, writes in his naïve and amiable manner of the Englishwomen he has met. Mr. George Moore writes finely at random on the Bible as literature.

The Abbé Ernest Dimnet's article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Crisis in the Growth of French Royalism" is an amusing and informing study of the forces behind both the party and the paper known as "L'Action Française".

Two articles in the "Financial Review of Reviews" may be taken as supplementing each other: they are "Shares as an Investment" by Mr. Henry Lowenfeld and "The Clergy and their Investments" by the Rev. C. H. R. Harper. Both contain useful hints for the guidance of investors, not speculators. Viscount Middleton writes on Insurance and Death Duties. "Life insurance," he says, "is practically the only method by which ordinary men can escape Death Duties".

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Fevrier.

M. Ollivier continues his series of articles on the preliminaries of the war of 1870. In this he deals with the diplomatic negotiations between France, Italy, and Austria. Beust is the villain of the piece, but it is clear that the determining factor was the inability of France to take the initiative with a striking success before the Germans were ready. The writer also points out that the Emperor's action was paralysed by the hesitation of Austria, which hampered him, but he should have won a victory "quand même", as his uncle won Austerlitz while Prussia was hesitating. The action of Alexander II. also kept Austria quiet. As M. Ollivier says, Russia owes France a good deal. Count d'Haussonville writes on the English elections. On the whole he is well-informed, though we should think rather by means of the "Times" than by personal observation. He does full justice to the oratorical successes of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill, but thinks on the whole Mr. Balfour was the hero of the fight. This, as an outsider's point of view, is interesting in the light of the criticism Mr. Balfour is meeting with from some quarters on his own side. Mr. Lloyd George's style he regards as demagoguery of a low class, indeed, it could hardly appeal to a critical contributor to the "Revue".

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| | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Agricultural... | 421,483 tons |
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| Mineral | 676,253 " |
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| Miscellaneous | 295,479 " |
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The very large proportion of 66.83 per cent. of this traffic originated on the Company's own line, and only 33.17 per cent. was received from connecting lines.

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| | | | |
|-------------|----------------|-------------|----------------|
| 1901 | \$4,753,065.43 | 1906 | \$7,256,383.66 |
| 1902 | 5,450,870.64 | 1907 | 8,763,591.20 |
| 1903 | 6,010,458.67 | 1908 | 8,411,485.03 |
| 1904 | 6,450,319.69 | 1909 | 8,358,860.08 |
| 1905 | 6,627,753.32 | 1910 | 9,162,478.35 |

The net receipts for the twelve months ended 31st December, 1910, amounted to \$3,015,336.31

The sum required for interest on all outstanding Bonds amounted to \$1,400,000.00

The sum required for interest on the present Issue amounts to only \$250,000.00

The Accounts of the Company for each financial year ending 30th June have been audited since 1903 by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co.

The foregoing information has been taken from a Letter, dated 31st January, 1911, addressed to Messrs. Ladsen, Thalmann & Co., by Mr. L. F. Loree, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Company.

A Copy of the Mortgage Deed, and of the above-mentioned letter from Mr. L. F. Loree, may be inspected at the Offices of Messrs. SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18 Austin Friars, E.C., during the usual office hours on any day while the Lists are open.

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THE CHAIRMAN'S CONFIDENT STATEMENT

THE Statutory meeting of the Members of Carbic, Limited, was held on Feb. 3, Sir Charles Wakefield (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Our first business to-day is to congratulate ourselves upon the successful flotation of this company and the launching of a great commercial enterprise. You will, I think, agree with me that, although it holds out promises of vast extension, the scheme set forth in our prospectus was not calculated to produce a large influx of subscriptions from those who are apt to be caught by glowing promises of estimated dividends. It might be taken from the prospectus that the object of the company is to deal almost exclusively with a patent process for the treatment of carbide of calcium. It is perfectly true that this process is emphatically of the greatest value in the acetylene industry, and will form a large proportion of the company's business. There are, however, other valuable developments—not yet sufficiently advanced to detail at the moment—which will play an equally important part in the business by the time our organization is completed.

In view of the fact that America and Canada offer probably the largest markets in the world for our products, Mr. Bingham and I went there for the purpose of bringing to a conclusion negotiations with regard to the disposal of the patent rights for America and Canada. Mr. Bingham rendered splendid service by giving practical demonstration of the possibilities of our patent process, and, as his knowledge of the acetylene industry is undoubtedly unique, his influence was of great weight. While we started out with a certain amount of knowledge of the possibilities in the United States and Canada, we found that our ideas had fallen far short of actual facts. Now we have returned with the firm belief that in these two countries alone we shall meet with a much greater measure of success than we ever anticipated. It would be impolitic for me to go into minute details concerning our negotiations, which are at the present time at a very favourable stage, but I may say that we at once got into touch with two influential groups capable of grappling with the business on that large scale which is the best security for its success, and a third group, which, although not on quite the same plane as the others, is quite substantial enough for our purpose. They were all very much impressed with the value of our process and its great market value. With regard to Canada it is quite possible that the United States group will also want to acquire the patent rights for Canada, but in any case we are in touch with two groups in Canada who are ready to close with us. The basis of our proposals is a substantial amount of cash and a certain proportion of shares in the American company. We gave them a large number of demonstrations, and one of the first experts in America and Canada, who attended on behalf of one of the groups, has reported, amongst other things, as follows: "The briquetted carbide known as carbic may be manufactured from materials which are reasonable in cost, and the process is essentially the same as is used in briquetting coal and ores. The apparatus in which the gas is generated is simple and comparatively inexpensive. This is shown by the fact that we were able to assemble a satisfactory apparatus in our laboratory in less than an hour and a-half. The generation of the gas is uniform and it is automatically regulated according to the demand for gas. The pressure under which the gas is generated is very low, and it need never rise to as much as $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pressure per square inch. This process is without doubt the most simple and satisfactory of generating acetylene gas." There is one substantial concern in Canada which manufactures a special apparatus, for which the consumption of carbide amounts to 2000 tons annually. They have had a sample ton of carbic cakes sent out to be tested in their apparatus. It will be some little time before the test is completed, but so far they are so well satisfied that they have signed an agreement with us for this particular branch of the carbic business, on the basis of a royalty of £5 per ton. We can therefore look forward to an income of about £10,000 a year from this source alone. So far as South Africa is concerned, we had intended to work this market by exporting generators and cakes from Europe. An influential syndicate has now approached us respecting the taking up of the carbic business in that part of the world. Therefore we are at present holding our hands until we have decided which scheme is most advantageous. The successful completion of our negotiations with regard to the countries already mentioned will greatly increase the value of the remaining patents. But, apart from foreign patents, our home business is growing tangibly, and will continue to grow. A very large outlet for acetylene in this country is being opened up in oxy-acetylene welding, and within the past few weeks we have produced a plant which gives remarkable results for all branches of this class of work. The new plant, which will vastly increase the output of cakes, is now on the point of completion, and will enable us to cope with the constantly-increasing demand, and to supply the cakes at a considerably reduced price. I think it is only necessary for me to say further that my confidence in this venture is greater than it has ever been. The vast possibilities of the business have always appealed to me by reason of the varying and world-wide nature of the market to be tapped and the stronghold which our patent process gives us over a constantly-expanding trade. I have already invested a considerable sum on the strength of this faith, and, as my personal interest in the venture is greater than that of any other individual, you may safely rest assured that no effort will be spared by myself and those who are associated with me to make it in every respect an unqualified commercial success.

Mr. Charles Bingham said he went to America with the chairman under the impression that they had got a good thing, but that no doubt there would be a large amount of trouble to get it placed; but he found a reception awaiting them which was absolutely overwhelming, and which completely opened his eyes to the possibilities of this carbic system, possibilities of which he had not even dreamed when they left England. The prospects were extremely brilliant, but, of course, they must go cautiously to work.

Mr. W. M. Letts said he knew there was an enormous future before the company.

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In the event of a winding-up the surplus assets are applicable first in payment of the capital paid or credited as paid on the Preferred Ordinary Shares, together with any arrears of dividend at the date of the winding-up, and the balance will be distributed as to one third among the holders of the Preferred Ordinary Shares, and as to the remaining two thirds among the holders of the Deferred Shares in each case in proportion to the amounts paid or credited as paid on such shares. On a show of hands each member present in person is entitled to one vote and on a poll each member present in person or by proxy is entitled to a vote for every share held by him.

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